

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1911

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ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

LECTURES ARRANGEMENTS BEFORE EASTER, 1909

A CHRISTMAS COURSE OF ILLUSTRATED LECTURES (Adapted to a Juvenile Auditory).

PROFESSOR WILLIAM STIRLING, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc.—Six Lectures on THE WHEEL OF LIFE. On Dec. 29 (Tuesday), Dec. 31, 1908, Jan. 2, 5, 7, 9, 1909, at Three o'clock.

TUESDAYS.

PROFESSOR KARL PEARSON, F.R.S.—Two Lectures on ALBINISM IN MAN. On Tuesdays, Jan. 19, 26, at Three o'clock.

PROFESSOR A. A. MACDONELL, Ph.D., F.B.A.—Three Lectures on THE ARCHITECTURAL AND SCULPTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF INDIA. On Tuesdays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, at Three o'clock.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK WALKER MOTT, M.D., F.R.S.—Six Lectures on THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRAIN AS AN ORGAN OF MIND. On Tuesdays, Feb. 23, March 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, at Three o'clock.

THURSDAYS.

PROFESSOR JOHN OLIVER ARNOLD.—Two Lectures on MYSTERIES OF METALS. On Thursdays, Jan. 21, 28, at Three o'clock.

WILLIAM ARCHER, Esq.—Two Lectures on THE REVIVAL OF MODERN DRAMA. On Thursdays, Feb. 4, 11, at Three o'clock.

HANS GADOW, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.—Three Lectures on PROBLEMS OF GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION IN MEXICO. On Thursdays, Feb. 18, 25, March 4, at Three o'clock.

A. D. HALL, Esq.—Two Lectures on RECENT ADVANCES IN AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE. On Thursdays, March 11, 18, at Three o'clock.

PROFESSOR G. H. BRYAN, Sc.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on AERIAL FLIGHT IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. On Thursdays, March 25, April 1, at Three o'clock.

SATURDAYS.

PROFESSOR SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, C.V.O., D.C.L., LL.D., R.A.—Two Lectures on (1) THE CRITICAL FACULTY; (2) SIGHT AND SEEING. On Saturdays, Jan. 23, 30, at Three o'clock.

SATURDAYS (continued).

SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Mus.Doc., D.C.L., LL.D.—Three Lectures on (1) MENDELSSOHN; (2, 3) CHAMBER MUSIC. (1. With Musical Illustrations; 2, 3. With the kind assistance of the Members of the Hans Wessely Quartette.) On Saturdays, Feb. 6, 13, 20, at Three o'clock.

PROFESSOR SIR J. J. THOMSON, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Six Lectures on PROPERTIES OF MATTER. On Saturdays, Feb. 27, March 6, 13, 20, 27, April 3, at Three o'clock.

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The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will begin on January 22nd, at 9 p.m., when DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, O.M., F.R.S., will give a Discourse on THE WORLD OF LIFE: AS VISUALISED AND INTERPRETED BY DARWINISM. Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Col. SIR FREDERIC NATHAN, PROFESSOR J. G. FRAZER, PROFESSOR H. A. WILSON, SIR HENRY CUNYNGHAME, Right Hon. EARL OF BERKELEY, Right Hon. VISCOUNT ESHER, MR. SIDNEY G. BROWN, MR. R. THRELFALL, MR. A. S. EDDINGTON, PROFESSOR SIR J. J. THOMSON, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OWING to an unfortunate slip of the pen the third line of the sestet of the sonnet "Of a Dead Poet," printed in last week's ACADEMY, was made to end with the word "stream." The word should, of course, have been "sea," and the line should run:

"Think you that in your shallow inky sea."

We regret that we are unable on this occasion to put the weight of the blame for this error on the broad back of the printer. Reference to the "copy" shows that the blunder was made by the author of the sonnet himself, the explanation being that it was a sonnet written some years ago, and hastily transcribed. We are such sticklers for form in sonnets that we feel it necessary to make a special apology for such an intolerable lapse. It only goes to show that the author of a poem should always get someone else besides himself to look through his proof.

Following on Mr. Asquith's performance at the National Liberal Club came that of Mr. Lloyd George at the same favoured resort. Mr. George distinguished himself by saying that he could not conceive any measure which would be agreeable to Wales being able to pass the House of Lords. The House of Lords, he declared, was the deadly enemy of Wales, and there would never be any justice for that distressful country until the House of Lords was disposed of. Mr. Lloyd George has no more claim to speak for Wales than the next solicitor who happens to have practised in the Principality. When Mr. Lloyd George talks of Wales he means that particular part of the population of Wales which consists of Radicals, Dissenters, and Passive Resisters. They are, on the whole, decidedly the least prepossessing people in the British Islands, but they only comprise a little more than half of the whole population of Wales, the other part being amiable, kindly, and patriotic folk, who

have just as much dislike of the blatant ideals of Mr. Lloyd George as have the bulk of the people of the British Islands. Just as Scotland has had to suffer in reputation by reason of the grasping meanness and hard business brutality of certain Glasgow manufacturers, so the name of Wales has become identified with all sorts of unpleasing qualities, which are no more particularly characteristic of the average Welshman than they are of the average Scotsman, Irishman, or Englishman.

We print a long letter on the subject of the Albert Hall meeting on the 5th of December. As to the charges of brutality made against Liberal stewards, we are bound to accept the general weight of evidence, which is overwhelmingly against the stewards. It is quite impossible for any one man who was present at the meeting to disprove it, and in reply to our correspondent's query, we say that we do most certainly think that Conservative stewards would have put the interrupting women out without having recourse to unnecessary violence and brutality. As to the non-unanimity of the meeting, no doubt our correspondent is right, but, on his own showing, there were only a dozen or twenty hands held up against the motion put by Lady McLaren, so that the point we made that the overwhelming majority of the men present were male Suffragettes is not invalidated. "Arch. G." is welcome to his opinion of Mr. Lloyd George as an opponent, but he must allow us to retain our own opinion on that point. The argument that Lord Beaconsfield and the late Lord Salisbury were both in favour of female suffrage is absolutely without weight or point. The question in their day never became a practical issue. It had never been thoroughly thrashed out, and the appalling object-lesson supplied by the conduct of the Suffragists, whether they openly call themselves militant or not, was then lacking. The belief of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury in Woman's Suffrage was a purely academic one, and it is quite certain that they would never have maintained that women should have votes thrust on them whether they wanted them or not.

If anyone had asked us ten years ago whether we saw any objection to the enfranchisement of women with a property qualification, we should probably have said that we did not see anything against it. Now it has been made clear to unprejudiced people that the right sort of women don't want votes; and those who do want them have proved over and over again that they are the wrong kind of women: women who are inflated with vanity and love of notoriety, women who are without sense of honour, women who are without sense of decency, unnatural women, and women who are inspired by an insane and abnormal hatred of the other sex, and an equally insane and abnormal admiration of their own sex. We do not say that there are not honourable exceptions, but they are few, and they are intellectually insignificant. A certain number of charming, amiable, well-meaning, and even gifted people can always be enlisted in any cause. How could it be otherwise in a country containing a population of more than thirty millions? Woman's Suffrage is a broad question; it must be looked at in a broad manner, and it is not too much to say that decent persons of both sexes are overwhelmingly against it. Decent women, on the whole, don't want it, and men of all kinds are against it in the proportion of about ten to one. The men who do support it are, on the whole—and again, of course, with a few honourable exceptions—undesirable and unnatural men. Nobody in the world, however wise or clear-headed, could have been blamed for hesitating which side to take at the beginning of the controversy. But that time has passed, and all

people who love their country, and desire to uphold her fair fame, her glory, and her honour, must be united in opposing a disreputable, dangerous, and wicked movement.

An anonymous correspondent, whose letter we do not print because we make a rule not to print anonymous letters, takes exception to our remarks about the character of Milton. We have always maintained, and we continue to maintain, that the public has no concern with the character of a poet. The debt of English letters to Milton (not, as most people think, for "Paradise Lost," but for "Comus," "Lycidas," "Samson Agonistes," "Blest Pair of Sirens," his sonnets, and other shorter poems), is so overwhelming that we should never have gone out of our way to have aspersed his private character had it not been for the ludicrous attempt made by ignorant or prejudiced people to exalt it. We should be ridiculously inconsistent if we allowed to pass without protest the assertions so loudly and universally made that Milton's character is one to be admired and imitated. It is one thing to keep silence about it out of respect and gratitude for his noble poetry; it is another matter to acquiesce in the praise of that which one knows to be contemptible. The more so is this the case when one considers that it is the very people who are always gloating over the poor human infirmities of men of genius (such as that this one drank, that the other one was a profligate, and that the third didn't pay his debts), who go out of their way to glorify the unctuous self-righteousness and hypocritical Puritanism of the poet whose tercentenary has just been celebrated. Our representative attended the performance of "Samson Agonistes," given in connection with these celebrations at the Burlington Gardens Theatre, under the auspices of the President and Council of the British Academy. As, however, he is unable to say anything in its favour, we think it kinder to say nothing about it.

The *Literary World* is scarcely accurate in saying that the Editor of *THE ACADEMY* raised the question whether Messrs. Duckworth were legally entitled to bring out a new review under the title *The English Review*. We expressly stated that we did not know what the exact legal rights were, and we subsequently admitted that the law in this instance gave us no power to protect the title we had bought and paid for. What we did say, and what we say again now, is that it argues both a striking lack of originality and an unusually discourteous disregard for the ordinary amenities of journalism that Messrs. Duckworth should, in face of our protest, persist in appropriating our title. We have referred before to the fact that there is a certain class of publisher who takes a positive delight in behaving with rudeness and lack of consideration to anyone connected with letters. A certain publisher, for whom we have every respect, took umbrage at the article in which we made the statement referred to. We pointed out to him that his objection to the article was unreasonable, since by no conceivable stretching of words could it be made to apply to him and his like. There are publishers and publishers. Can he deny now that we were amply justified in what we said? We know of scores of firms which would never have dreamed of insisting on keeping, in the face of protest, a title which obviously did not properly belong to them. On the other hand, we could name half a dozen firms that would be delighted to get the chance to cause any little petty annoyance, and who, if they succeeded, would imagine that they had been remarkably clever.

The *Standard* of Thursday last published a very telling exposure of the hollowness of the pretence made by Radical politicians that the defunct and quite un-

regretted Licensing Bill was the result of a "mandate" from "the people." It appears that in his election address Mr. Asquith did not mention the temperance or licensing question at all, that Mr. Lloyd George made no reference to it whatever, neither did Sir H. Fowler (now Lord Wolverhampton), Lord Morley, Mr. J. A. Pease (the chief Liberal Whip), Mr. J. Sinclair (Secretary for Scotland), or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Sir Edward Grey merely said that the licensing system "needed reform and attention." Mr. Winston Churchill made only a casual reference to the question, consisting of four words in the middle of a long paragraph, indicating no "views" at all. Mr. S. Buxton, in paragraph 14 of an address consisting of 26 paragraphs, mentioned five subjects; the only reference he made to licensing was that "temperance reform must be promoted," while similar casual and non-committal references were made by Mr. L. Harcourt, Mr. McKenna, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and Mr. Haldane, and yet the Radical Government has the impudence to pretend that it was returned to power expressly for the purpose of passing a bill of wholesale robbery and spoliation like the Licensing Bill. Was ever such effrontery exhibited by men who are endeavouring to pose in the eyes of a disgusted country as serious statesmen?

Lord Avebury has been going through his hoops in a very satisfactory manner. In distributing the prizes to the students of the Cusack Institution at the Cannon Street Hotel on Thursday, his lordship informed his audience, among other things, that life was not all cakes and ale. That pleasure and pain were closely interwoven in the web of life. That everyone had anxieties and sorrows, but that many writers greatly underestimated the blessings for which they had to be thankful. To all of which we cordially say, "hear, hear," and if we may be allowed to put in a few words of our own, we should like to say that all is not gold that glitters, that the darkest night is invariably succeeded by the dawn, that Queen Anne is quite dead, and that ants, bees, and wasps are not the only insects in the world. There are, for example, cockchafers.

The Miners' Eight Hours' Bill seems to be a Bill for which even its supporters and sponsors in the House of Commons can find little good to say. The most they appear to be able to do is to express their conviction that the accounts of the ill-effects it is expected to produce are greatly exaggerated. It is a Bill which will cause widespread misery to the "poorest of the poor," who are, by an irony of fate, supposed to be under the special protection of this precious Government. It is a great pity that the Lords did not throw it out. It is quite true that the unpopularity which will accrue to the present Government on account of this Bill will be a large asset to the Conservative party, but the House of Lords ought to be above such considerations. The only honest thing to do was to throw out, lock, stock, and barrel, a mischievous, dangerous, and ill-considered measure which nobody wants, not even the miner himself. It is to be hoped that the Bill can be so amended in Committee as to make it less dangerous and harmful than it is at present, but it is a thousand pities that it was not definitely slaughtered.

We are glad to record the fact that the prosperous run of "The Lyons Mail" at the Shaftesbury Theatre continues without any signs of abatement. It deserves its success, for it is a fine old melodrama of the old school, and is a refreshing antidote to the "stalwart," "intellectual" variety of play on the one hand, and the inanities of musical comedy on the other. If Mr. St. John Hankin would abandon the attempt to glorify the

unspeakable "modern woman," who exists, we are glad to say, for the most part only in the brains of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Granville Barker, and himself, and endeavour to write a melodrama as good as "The Lyons Mail," he would be trying his undoubted brains very much higher than he has hitherto done. It doesn't require much wit or invention to present an imaginary female of the "advanced" kind, who chooses a man for whom she has no affection in order to enjoy the satisfaction of maternity, without going through the "empty form" of marriage. It is the sort of thing that almost anyone who knows nothing whatever about women could do if he cared to. It is quite another thing to write a good melodrama, as Mr. H. B. Irving, who is an authority on the subject of melodramas, would admit. That a magnificent actor like Mr. Irving should be obliged to fall back on plays of this *genre*, written fifty years or more ago, is no credit to our modern playwrights. His performance in the double part was quite superb, and fully worthy of the best traditions of his gifted father. In our opinion, indeed, he is in many respects an even greater actor than his father, and he possesses a speaking voice of quite extraordinary beauty and flexibility.

The *New Age* has got its fifteen hundred pounds, and it has very naturally dissolved in tears of thankfulness. Mr. Orage announces his extreme good luck, upon which we sincerely congratulate him, in the following joyous terms:

And shall the *New Age* die?
And shall the *New Age* die?
Here's twenty thousand Socialists
Will know the reason why.

Eight weeks ago we were compelled to raise the question. This week we can venture to answer it: The *New Age* shall not die.

We are glad to be able to announce that the required minimum number of shares having been taken by our readers, the *New Age* and New Age Press have now been formed into a Company, under the title of the New Age Press, Limited.

Our particular thanks are due to the host of small subscribers who at the last minute, when all the "leading" Socialists had utterly failed, came in and saved the situation, thus proving once more our constant contention that it is the rank and file of the Socialist movement that alone matters. —Ed. N.A.]

Fifteen hundred of the best at the bank! Think of it, oh, ye "stalwarts," and "intellectuals," and consumers of skate and Médoc, and be exceeding glad! The "leading" Socialists would not oblige, but the small men have rallied to the rescue. It is the poor that help the poor when poverty knocks at the door; and you are now provided with that opportunity for helping yourselves which the Socialist so loves. We should advise you to send in your accounts, if you have any, and your rates per thousand words at once. Fifteen hundred pounds will go a long way for a few weeks. *Carpe diem*, also *verb. sap.* But for Mr. Orage, who, by the way, would appear to have dropped his joint encumbrance in the shape of Mr. Grayson, we have one little word. Let him not imagine that because he is wallowing in fifteen hundred pounds the *New Age* is bound to live. There is no armour against fate, and many a bright property has gone to its grave with all that remained in the way of change out of much larger sums than fifteen hundred pounds, reclining prettily on its eyelids, in the figure of two copper coins.

And shall the *New Age* die?
And shall the *New Age* die?
Here's fifteen hundred pounds, deah boys;
But we see no reason why
It shouldn't.

And on the grounds of strict principle, and without wishing anybody any harm, we really hope that it will.

Now as to Mr. Tonson. We have had occasion to admonish this cock-a-hoop young gentleman for certain mis-statements with regard to Lord Alfred Douglas's poems. He asserted that he had an early and unprocurable volume of Lord Alfred's, "which, to speak mildly, was not for sale." It appears that he meant that he is the possessor of a copy of this early volume, and that he is not disposed to sell it. It seems a little preposterous that he should waste the alleged valuable space of his employers by making personal announcements of such a character. We can understand Mr. Tonson's pride in his possession, and his desire that his indigent comrades should be made aware of the circumstance that he is not yet reduced to the pass of selling the contents of his library. For the rest the fact remains that Lord Alfred Douglas's early volume is not unprocurable, and that it can be had at the published price by anybody who cares to apply for it, either from the *Mercure de France*, or the ordinary bookseller. In the course of his paragraph Mr. Tonson claims, with great show of swagger, that he was once a contributor to THE ACADEMY. We have looked carefully into the archives, and we fail to find either the name of Tonson or the name of Fish among the list of contributors. In any case, if Mr. Tonson under another name has at any time contributed to these columns, his pride in the fact is not shared by us.

THE CHANGELING

FOR those who come from Fairyland,
The world is hard to understand
And I was born in Fairyland
Under a lucky star
Perhaps all women are!

My father was a golden king,
My mother was a shining queen;
I heard the magic blue-bird sing
They wrapped me in a mantle green.

They led their winged white horses out,
We rode and rode till dawn was grey;
We rode with many a song and shout,
"Over the hills and far away."

They stole the crying human child,
And left me laughing by the fire;
And that is why my heart is wild,
And all my life a long desire. . . .

The old enchantments hold me still
And sometimes in a waking trance
I seek again the Fairy Hill,
The midnight feast, the glittering dance!

The wizard harpers play for me,
I wear a crown upon my head,
A princess in eternity,
I dance and revel with the dead. . . .

"Vain lies!" I hear the people cry,
I listen to their weary truth;
Then turn again to fantasy,
And the untroubled Wand of Youth.

I hear the laughter of the kings,
I see their jewelled flagons gleam
O wine of life! . . . immortal things
Move in the splendour of my dream. . . .

My spirit is a homing dove
I drain a crystal cup, and fall
Softly into the arms of Love
And then the darkness covers all.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

SUPEREROGATORY TARANTARA AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

MR. ASQUITH has been delivering himself of what the Radical papers are pleased to describe as a "trumpet call" at the National Liberal Club. It appears that something has got to be done about the House of Lords, and Liberals are invited by the Prime Minister to consider the question of doing that "something" to the House of Lords as the predominant issue of future Liberal Policy. What it is precisely that Mr. Asquith is going to do to the House of Lords was left a little vague, but it is generally understood that the "gauntlet" to be flung down to the Peers will take the form of a Socialistic and confiscatory Budget of the most outrageous description, a hen-roost robbery on an unprecedented scale of predatory magnificence. The Lords having once more outraged the "will of the People" by kicking the Budget contemptuously downstairs, the great Liberal party will then go to the country and demand the lungs and livers of these wicked persons, their blood, or such blood as they may lose, being, as has been already explained by the excitable Mr. Birrell, "on their own heads." Tarantara! Tarantara!

The National Liberal Club, as we have already had occasion to explain, is very far indeed from being a temperance body—it is, on the contrary, one of the largest and most lavish supporters of the drink traffic in London; the flowing tide may set in a manner which promises awkward results for the Liberal party, but the flowing bowl continues to flow at the National Liberal Club in a most satisfactory and convivial fashion. We must not therefore be surprised if the post-prandial heroics of the Prime Minister tickled the ears of his valiant followers, and caused a great deal of enthusiasm and snorting as of the war horse who scents the battle. Several elderly gentlemen are even reported to have said, "Ha! ha!" and altogether a most warlike and desperate and blood-thirsty state of feeling seems to have been excited, under the influence of which pleasing and exhilarating condition the shattering to bits of the sorry scheme of things entire, as it now exists, and the subsequent re-moulding of it nearer to the heart's desire of the National Liberal Club appeared mere bagatelles. On the other hand, the scheme of things entire seems to exhibit a remarkably calm and unruffled appearance in the face of all this sound and fury; and proposals to smash up the constitution of these realms, which appeared easy of performance in the rosy light of after-dinner enthusiasm, assumed a very different aspect in

the cold grey-light of the morning following on their promulgation.

The more Mr. Asquith's proposals for restoring the lost prestige and power of his party are considered, the more unfortunate and feeble do they appear. In fact, if Mr. Asquith had consulted the leaders of the Unionist party with a view to ascertaining what those leaders would most wish him to say in the interest of the aforesaid Unionist party he could hardly have hit upon a programme which would more thoroughly have fallen in with their own wishes and hopes. If Mr. Asquith had announced on Saturday that he was going to effect a revolutionary change in his policy, that he had determined in future to make no further efforts to ram down the throats of the community all sorts of measures which they detested and hated; if he had declared that in future he would decline to be the tool of tyrannical Nonconformists in an endeavour to outrage the religious susceptibilities of the majority of their fellow-countrymen, and that he intended to disassociate himself and his party from teetotal fanatics, and from cynical hypocrites who make the cause of so-called temperance an excuse for efforts to rob and despoil their political opponents; if he had declared, in short, that in future he had determined to turn over a new leaf, to return to old and tried methods of state-manship, and to make every endeavour to restore to this distracted country the elements of sound and wise government, to protect property, to enforce law and order, and to discourage the growing idea that the attainment of any kind of desire could best be furthered by making a hideous noise, and harrying one's neighbours; if he had said all this—well, the Unionist party would not be feeling quite so contented and happy and pleased with itself as it is at present. As it is, Mr. Asquith's "trumpet call" amounts to this, that he has pledged himself to continue in a course of sheer idiotic folly and imbecility, which can only have the effect of bringing himself and his party to headlong and irretrievable ruin, from which it will probably take them at least twenty years to recover. "Here," he says, in effect, pointing to the House of Lords, "is a wall, and here is my head, and here are your heads, my devoted followers. The wall is solid and thick, it is made of the best bricks; but our heads are thicker; they are, as it were, made of wood. Let us proceed, dear brothers, to dash our devoted heads against this hideous, abominable, altogether unnecessary and vexatious wall till it falls down, and let the wall take notice that its blood will be on its own head. Gentlemen, charge the wall, and while you are about it you may as well charge your glasses." (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which the right honourable gentleman resumed his seat.)—The grave of Mr. Asquith's political reputation was dug when he introduced the Licensing Bill, the last rites have now been performed, and it only remains to erect a monument with a suitable inscription. In view of the intimate connection between the demise of that late lamented political reputation and the Licensing Bill, we suggest that the monument should take the form of an inverted whisky bottle, and that the inscription should be: "It's the drink wot did it!"

BROAD AND LONG

TUESDAY morning's papers must have been sweet reading for Archbishop Bourne and Sir Edward Henry. Months ago either of these gentlemen could, with a single word, have done for the country what had to be done in the police courts on Monday, yet neither of them would so much as whisper in the matter. Archbishop Bourne excused himself—perhaps his Grace had a piece of land to view. Sir Edward Henry sent round his heavily-shod policeman with curt messages;

and every red-tied "intellectual" and badly-shaven scribbler that haunts the purlieus of Fleet Street concluded that the English law against obscene writing was a dead letter and that Mr. John Long and Mr. Hubert Wales would be suffered to continue their unholy partnership in the division of the profits from the sale of "The Yoke" for ever. Dr. Bourne and Sir Edward Henry and the "journalists" will now probably perceive that they are foolish persons, and that wisdom is not always entirely justified of her children. "The Yoke" has been condemned by the law, and Mr. John Long is ignominiously to yield up his stock of that work, so that it may be consigned to the furnaces. The police-court proceedings against Mr. Long were not edifying. He was summoned for selling, publishing and uttering "a certain indecent, lewd, wicked, scandalous, obscene libel," containing "divers lewd, impure, gross and obscene matters . . . against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity." And without so much as a bleat in the way of protest, Mr. Long's lawyers undertook to discontinue the publication. The summons was consequently withdrawn, but the magistrate ordered the destruction of the books seized. So that now, we take it, everything is as right as right can be, and nobody has further ground for complaint. The National Vigilance Society, which undertook the prosecution, is probably content. It is not for us to praise or blame the National Vigilance Society, particularly as we hope that, having settled the affairs of "The Yoke," the society will proceed to deal with other books. We consider, however, that, in view of all the circumstances, Mr. Denman, the police magistrate, had no business to allow the summons to be withdrawn, and still less is he to be commended for having remarked that "the proceedings had been met in an exceedingly proper way." We hold that the proceedings were not met in a proper way at all. Mr. John Long's solicitors consented to withdraw "The Yoke" from circulation, and they made no protest as to the seizure and destruction of the copies on hand. But "the allegations made were not admitted," and the magistrate was told that Mr. Long's reason for withdrawal was that "he had been in the publishing business for twenty-five years and did not want his business to be the subject of prolonged police-court discussion." We can well understand Mr. Long's diffidence on the subject, and we can admire, afar off, as it were, the pluck and spirit of the innocent huckster, who, while he declines to admit an allegation of perniciousness made against his "goods," consents to an order for their destruction. We hold that it is not at all in the public interest that the magistrate should have permitted Mr. Long to go not only without scath, but with a sort of magisterial blessing which implied that, far from being a disgraced man, he had done a noble deed. The nobility of Mr. Long's withdrawal is quite evident when one reflects that "The Yoke" has been selling by tens of thousands of copies for nearly a year, and that, although Mr. Long must have known months ago that it was an improper book, he made no attempt to withdraw it till he found himself in the police court. Even as it is, there are thousands of copies of the book on sale in booksellers' shops throughout the provinces, and Mr. Long's withdrawal merely means that he will not print further editions. Furthermore, he has given no undertaking whatever that he will refrain from publishing other books of like character, and there is nothing to prevent him from publishing at any moment an even fouler book than "The Yoke," if he can find one. Nay, taking into account the whole facts, he should be rather encouraged than otherwise by what has happened to him. For it is plain that all he has to do is to procure Mr. Wales to supply him with a new masterpiece, and to go on publishing it for all he is worth until the National Vigilance Society

wakes up again, which will probably not be before the end of another twelvemonth. Meantime, Mr. Long and Mr. Wales will make thousands of pounds by debauching the public mind, and when the day of reckoning comes round again Mr. Long will consent to withdrawal, and be patted on the back by the magistrate for having met the proceedings in a very proper way.

The case should most certainly have been proceeded with, and, if Mr. Long had been found guilty, the medicine extended to him should have been a term of imprisonment with the option of a fine. Mr. Long's solicitor was careful to explain that "The Yoke" is not a Holywell Street book." We can only say for it that we defy Holywell Street to produce anything so foul. Holywell Street is a much cleaner street than it would be if it sold "The Yoke." Holywell Street lives, for the most part, on the pretence of foulness. Mr. John Long has been prospering on the real article. Holywell Street would have Sir Edward Henry after it before it could say its name if it attempted to handle books like "The Yoke." Holywell Street dared not have touched Mr. Long's book; nobody but a respectable bookseller dare sell it. Mr. Long was cunning enough to know this, and he has profited hugely by his cunning. It is interesting to note that the suppression of "The Yoke" and the police-court proceedings which brought it about have been allowed to pass almost wholly without comment by the newspapers. The *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle* and kindred organs of light and leading were solemnly silent on the subject. None of them desired to improve the moral; none of them would go the length even of saying "let this be a warning, not only to Mr. Long, but to the others"; none of them is concerned with the decency of letters; none of them cares a tinker's curse for any portion of the mind of the country which does not happen to be engaged with politics. The old theory that when any matter of grave public importance arises it is the business of a respectable newspaper to discuss it, is apparently dead and forgotten. You must not discuss matters which might interfere with the advertising. It is notorious that Mr. John Long spends some thousands of pounds per annum on advertisements in the London newspapers. Consequently, he is entitled to respectful treatment from newspaper editors. They tuck away the report of the proceedings against him in odd corners, and they stay the hand of the leader-writer. If they did their duty by the public Mr. Long might refuse to extend further patronage to their fat advertisement columns, which, of course, would not be business. The one newspaper that managed to summon sufficient courage to express itself on the subject at all was the *Evening Standard*, and here is the civil *Evening Standard*:

We have no wish to pillory the particular publisher who has been proceeded against for the publication of "a certain indecent, lewd, wicked, scandalous, and obscene libel in the form of a book entitled 'The Yoke,' and containing divers lewd, impure, gross, and obscene matters." Nor is it necessary to assert that we subscribe to all the harsh phrases of this legal indictment. But in a more general sense it may not be amiss to say that the action taken seems to us well-advised. The publisher has in this instance met the prosecution frankly and wisely. He has consented, without dragging a case through the courts, to discontinue the publication of this book, so that the first summons has been withdrawn, whilst no objection is taken to the order on a second summons for the destruction of the copies of the book found on the publisher's premises.

Dear, dear, dear—the frank, wise, excellent Mr. Long! The gentleman who obtains the advertisements for the *Evening Standard* and the *St. James's Gazette* may still go round to Norris Street without a qualm. Mr. Long will assure him that he considers that the *Evening Standard* has behaved quite well in

the matter, and that, consequently, he will make no bones about the continuance of his favours. Such is journalism and such is England. One of the weekly papers has described the prosecution of Mr. Long as "a triumph for THE ACADEMY." We have no desire in the world to be ungrateful to people who wish to praise us, but over this question of "The Yoke" THE ACADEMY has not been seeking triumphs, nor does it claim to have triumphed. The persons who have triumphed are Mr. Long and Mr. Wales, who have sold their book and made their profits, and Sir Edward Henry, who has refused to admit that "The Yoke" was lewd and obscene. THE ACADEMY's single intention in the affair has been simply to safeguard the public and vindicate the integrity of letters. It has attempted to do this in the teeth of authority and the bitterest kind of literary opposition. It has been consistently held up to contempt and ridicule for its action by people who ought to have known better. It has been charged with seeking profit in what has obviously been an unprofitable and expensive engagement, and it has even been accused of desiring to advertise a work which it "pretended" to condemn. We are not likely to repine, and we are not in the least likely to refrain from a continuance in what many persons seem to consider an unseemly and injudicious course. We can only inform Mr. John Long and the like of him that our campaign is merely beginning and not ending, and that we shall not cease to say our say while there is a vile book remaining in the publishers' lists. That brave gentleman, Mr. Parkes, of the *Star*, permitted that other brave gentleman of the mythical rapier to assert in his starting price haporth the other day that THE ACADEMY's attitude towards "The Yoke" was a menace to public freedom. If we remember rightly, it was the late Professor Huxley who said that the only freedom a reasonable being could desire, or ought to have, was the freedom to do right. Every publisher in London is in the full enjoyment of this freedom at the present moment, and THE ACADEMY rejoices in the fact. But if, in addition to this wide and all-sufficing liberty, publishers of the stamp of Mr. John Long desire to have licence to print and publish, for the sake of gain, degrading and unthinkable filth, then they may look in at least one direction for something which they no doubt will be pleased to call tyranny.

EXILES FROM ENGLAND.

EVERY country has a scent of its own, which a new-comer perceives once, or, at the most, twice, and then, like the odour of musk plant which no man can smell three times in succession, the scent of the land is lost, or becomes something which one knows without perceiving, something which is not in the senses, but in the sub-consciousness. So there is an aroma, possibly still more subtle, which clings to the thought of a country and makes its exiles hungry and wistful for the sound, the colour, and the scent of the once familiar land. To ask which of our poets has this aroma most distinctly is to ask which of them is most able to produce the bitter-sweet of homesickness in the hearts of her exiled children. That is not quite the same thing as asking which paints the finest pictures of the land, because a lovely landscape, exquisitely limned, may tell us of the joy of the whole dædal earth and the wizardry of the sun. It may be far too great, too universal, too alive with an all-pervading beauty to set the nostrils wide for the scent of one small parcel of land, one bud of the great rose-bush of the earth. The finest poems thus allay, rather than excite, the homesickness, and it is often only as it were accidentally that they set the heart-strings tugging. It is sometimes done by a direct appeal, as when, in Tenny-

son's "Lucknow," the sick and besieged folk had thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field; or in Mr. Kipling's cowslips from a Devoncombe, wet with Channel spray, or the hermit's cushion plump, in the "Ancient Mariner," which was "the moss that wholly hides the rotted old oak-stump." These and a hundred other instances appeal directly to the exile, but they are meant to do so. They do not surprise him. He is led up to them, and he expects some of the familiar touches of his country. The worst pangs of nostalgia do not come upon us by this direct appeal. They come when we are least aware that they are near, and then it is always glimpses of quite normal and unexaggerated things which produce them.

When Shakespeare describes how

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is as in mockery set,

we may be pleased, may recall the fitful quirkishness of our national weather and acknowledge the power of our national poet, but it gives us no discontent with our fiercer summer or grim and greyer winter. It is when he talks about finding out the prettiest daisied plot we can, or ozier beds where rivers run, or when his brush paints primroses and azured harebells that we begin to feel unhappy. If we are in the new and naked lands we get a sharp twinge at "Beauty making beautiful old rhyme in praise of ladies dead and lovely knights." Still, on the whole, Shakespeare is too deep in the heart of man to keep an exile hungry for home, for the human interest is in busiest mart and loneliest glen. Some poets whom one would most expect to search the heart fail to do so in this particular way. Wordsworth, for instance, may be read on the Ganges, the Andes, or Crim Tartary, and his daisies, celandines, sleeping houses of Westminster, chaste snowdrops, and all his most inspired pieces, whatever else they do, fail to send the reader sneaking off to the steamship announcements. He has some searching passages all the same, of the direct appeal, as in his sonnet on landing at Dover.

The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing: and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore.

These are lines with the cool silver and the perfume of England in them; but he has not many such. Keats again, great painter as he was, has hardly any nostalgic power. Even

With treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

is England in an unusual mood, lovely but not enough normal to be at her most magnetic. All poems about night and most about winter are beside the mark. Even "the bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sung," are not peculiar to England. Nor when

Upon a tranced summer night
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies off

is there the special aura of England in the picture. Browning still more rarely stirs the exile to discontent. The good gigantic smile of the brown old

earth, the word in a minor third waken but a little sigh. Tennyson plays now and then more resonantly upon the heart-strings in some of his chance passages, as in his flower pictures in "Aylmer's Field"; but the worst apostle of return, who preaches the doctrine of come back with all the iteration of a guinea fowl and all the enticement of the Sirens, is Matthew Arnold. It is most extraordinary that he should do so. He is not so melodious as Tennyson, so rich as Rossetti, so sincere as Clough, so passionate as Swinburne. Indeed, he is a limited poet, and he tried to be a stoic; of course, without success, for stoicism produces only a few short howls in the making, and nothing but silence when it is made. He was an apostle of calm, of doubt, of suppressed hope, and of criticism. Indeed, his best work is criticism of his father, of other poets, of himself, of the world, and of life. All these things, and especially the last, are inconsistent with that unreasoning homing instinct which makes pigeons despise the fairest landscape for a dingy loft; and men, who lack nothing in the new land, yet, in any case, desire fiercely the old. So the exile opens Matthew Arnold for some sweet reasonableness, or for some fine classic touch, say of Sophocles by the Ægean, or Lucretius and his impracticable hours. Then unexpectedly and just as the reader is off his guard, through the thick corn the scarlet poppies creep, and the eye travels down to Oxford towers. It requires very strong moorings to hold an exile when he comes upon lines like these:—

So some tempestuous morn in early June
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks, and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May,
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze;
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

No man can tell how these lines plead to the reader at the ends of the civilised or uncivilised earth. Their very plaintiveness deepens the sense of a great miss; and just as the worst seems past, they take up the tale with new effect:

Too quick, despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high midsummer poms come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet William with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star.

He harkens not! Light-comer he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern,
And bluebells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new mown;
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see!
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

The charm of jungle, prairie, bush or veldt may be great, but lines like these whispered to English ears in any one of them make those ears tingle in a way that the owner would find insupportable, if he did not sternly tell himself that such sensations are unreasonable and ridiculous, which, alas for him! they are not. There is hardly any dichotomy of the heart so perplexing and painful as to belong to two continents. Perhaps it needs a poet of pain and perplexity to express it exactly.

A GRACELESS POET

WE shall not beat about the bush. A poet has come before us with verses which spread over three hundred and thirteen handsome pages, and his name is Arthur Christopher Benson. We call Mr. Benson a poet, whereby we render him sufficient honour. In the public eye, and in the eye of the booksellers, he figures, perhaps, a trifle more portentously as essayist. His reputation for the purveyal of what one may term reflective banality is properly established, and his name spells "sales." No man compasses what is called "success" in the book way unless he possesses certain gifts. A successful author, however bad, will be found always to possess some sort of a footing on the authentic hill. It is so, of course, with Mr. Benson. Beneath his enamel and his brummagem you may discover traces of the real metal. He has written poetry. He commenced authorship as poet, and he commenced creditably. It was his plain duty to himself, let alone to letters, that he should have stuck to his verses. He never lacked for praise or encouragement. He had a sort of leisure and a sort of competence; he must have known that his commerce was with the Muses, and he must have known that they were disposed to be gracious to him. Yet what has he done? His published verse runs into seven volumes, of which the present is the seventh. The first of these volumes was published in 1892, and the sixth of them in 1905. The seventh, of course, consists of selections from its precursors. For in 1905 Mr. Benson published a prose work called "The Upton Letters." And in 1906 he published "The Thread of Gold" and "From a College Window"; since which time we may date his poetical ruin. It is the old tale—the market place, the market place, and still the market place! To quote Mr. Benson himself:

The saddest sight! Oh, there are sight and sounds
And thoughts enough in this brief world of ours
To wet with tears the stony face of Time,
Who has seen the suns flame out, the mountains piled,
And guesses at the vast designs of God.

For his descent from the middle to the lower slopes, it is perhaps our duty to forgive Mr. Benson. The art of the poet is a difficult art in more senses than one, and the demands of the public, and the chink of the public's money are seductive things, and possibly not to be withstood by your modern, inaustrere, snugly-placed fairly commercial bard. We forgive Mr. Benson. What is more, we congratulate him, inasmuch as his prose might conceivably have been a great deal worse, and his *débâcle* a great deal more abysmal. But we are now at the end of the year of grace 1908, and face to face with Mr. Benson's newly-published assemblage of selections from his poetical works. "The Poems of Arthur Christopher Benson" is the title of the volume, and having delivered ourselves of the preliminaries, we must proceed to the function of the plain reviewer, and deal with Mr. Benson on the merits of the general work he is pleased to collect. Quite early in the volume we come across a section marked "Sonnets." The first of these sonnets is about the poet Gray, and it contains the following exclamatory lines:—

Oh, if but half the silence that was thine
Were shared to-day by clamorous minstrel-men!

Mr. Benson himself, though, we take it, an admirer of silences, appears to us to fail just because he is over-clamorous. He will be shouting and singing—that is to say, he used to be for ever shouting and singing.

There is nothing in Heaven or earth that could not provoke him to hasty production. The whole of the poems in the volume before us would appear to have been conceived with great swiftness, and executed "right off," as it were, easily, without consideration and without pains. The result is a glibness which is almost pitiful, and a slackness and want of decent finish, which, in a poet of Mr. Benson's academical antecedents, is almost criminal. We should not be prepared quite to hang a scholar who has no more feeling for the sonnet than to play uncouth tricks with it, but if hanging were the penalty for this kind of poetical offence, Mr. Benson ought most certainly to be hanged. For example:

The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing,
And gained the holt, and ran a little space,
Where briar and bracken twined a hiding-place;
There lay and wondered at the grievous thing.

With patient filmy eye he peeped, and heard
Big blood-drops oozing on the fallen leaf;
There hour by hour in uncomplaining grief
He watched with pain, but neither cried nor stirred.

The merry sportsmen tramped contented home,
He heard their happy laughter die away;
Across the stubble by the covert-side
His merry comrades called at eventide;

* * * * *

And he was sad because his hour was come.

We do not say that this is pure poetry, but there can be no question that it is better poetry, and more moving poetry, than is commonly offered to us. Yet is it literally eaten up with faults and flaws so obvious, that one wonders that the very printers' readers did not rebel against them. We should certainly expect a printer's reader to "query" the use of the word "merry" twice in the sestet, and the use of the word "breathed" in the line in the sestet which we have not quoted. To write of birds "breathing the flagrant air," as Mr. Benson does, is probably correct from the physiological point of view; but, somehow, it does not seem quite true to the imagination. And apart from printers' readers, the rhyme sounds of the first part of the octet are not properly sustained in the second part; "where" and "there," at the beginning of lines 3 and 4, make an ugly and unforgivable placing of rhyming words, and line 7 also begins with "there." These are faults which could have been pointed out by a schoolboy, and which no poet worth his salt should have allowed to pass. Right through the poems before us, Mr. Benson exhibits the same gross and unhappy contempt for the poetical proprieties. Out of forty sonnets, or thereabouts, there is scarcely one in which he does not in some way offend. In a sonnet to Keats we get these lines:—

Laughing thou said'st, 'Twere hell for thee to fail
In thy vast purpose, in thy brave design,
Ere thy young cheek, with passion's venom'd wine
Flushed and grew pale, ah me! flushed and grew pale!

Surely Keats would have flushed and grown pale, ah, me! flushed and grown pale at the sight of them. And we do not imagine that even Gilbert White would have been obliged to Mr. Benson for saying of him:

Thou wast a poet, though thou knew'st it not.

which is a fairly ugly way of putting a possible truth. On page 166 we open by accident at:

Ah me! how good to breathe, to hear, to see!

which suggests rather too painfully the album of the sentimental young lady. We might multiply these instances of graceless and discreditable work from almost any page in Mr. Benson's book. If it had been a book of new poetical pieces, instead of a collection or selection from previously-published volumes, we should have encouraged hopes for Mr. Benson. As it is, we can only imagine that he has gone unblushingly over to the crowd which considers poetry and poetical form in the light of a small and unimportant matter. Men with the gifts of Mr. Benson are sufficiently rare; and the man who, finding himself in the enjoyment of such gifts, fails to use them to the best of his power and ability offends seriously against letters and against his fellow men. A poet who sits in the schools and despises his own art is the last kind of poet one is at all disposed to tolerate.

FORESTRY AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

AMONG the many schemes suggested for the present distress forestry seems to have attracted too little attention. To sweep snow, paint the town pump and clean the statues from their kindly drapery of soot, these and a hundred other such plans are Partingtonian in their inadequacy. Meanwhile unemployment is upon us like a flood, and something must be done. This country imports enormous quantities of timber, thirty-three million pounds' worth, in fact, per annum. Some of this, but only about ten per cent., cannot be grown at home, being special matter for cabinet-makers. The rest might easily, and could easily, be produced on English soil. Three million pounds' worth of wood pulp is imported, not because we have not sufficient wood to produce that, and more, but because it is so widely scattered that there are almost no forest centres for a pulp mill. There is only one such mill in the kingdom, that of Glossop, worked on a secret process. At the same time, there are many thousands of acres which could be converted into forest land. These, if so converted, would not only find productive work for some 15 per cent. of the unemployed now, but would provide legitimate and useful work for many years to come to a great number of people. Dr. Schlich, the professor of forestry at Oxford, estimates that nearly 17½ million acres in the United Kingdom of mountain heath and bog-land are capable of being afforested. Other authorities contend that this estimate is well within our natural possibilities. Land of this sort is grazed, shot over and feeds a few deer and rabbits; and such uses would discount some of the profits and possibilities. To these objections the answers are simple. People can make shooting for capercaillie, back-game and pheasants, instead of grouse, at no pecuniary loss. They can keep the deer from destroying the young trees by the simple process of giving them fodder, as they do in German deer forests. The sheep question is more formidable, for the uplands are often a set-off to the rich low pastures, which are too damp for sheep in the winter. But it is unlikely that we should leap briskly into afforestation on so enormous a scale as to use up all the highlands of the kingdom, and Belgium has found that the system of farming adapts itself to a large and rapid system of afforestation. It is likely that our agriculturalists would find no difficulty in doing the same, in a leisurely fashion. The cost of planting trees on a large scale, if once the lands were to be taken over upon equitable and not upon accommodation terms, is by no means prohibitive. The great expert upon this, Mr. R. Munro-Ferguson,

M.P., in his evidence before the Commission on Forestry, gives the following instructive figures. The whole cost of providing trees, preparing land and planting in unfenced ground, at 3,500 trees per acre, varies from £1 12s. 6d. to £4 14s. 6d. If this is done well the next year's work can be reduced to a small charge. If blocks of a thousand acres are thus treated the fencing falls from £1 to 4s. 6d. only per acre. An expert forester thinks that the whole work, including fences and second-year repairs may be effected for £4 an acre, unless the land happens to be bog. Dr. Schlich's evidence places the estimate of planting fir, pine, larch, oak and ash at £4 10s. per acre. If we were in reasonable possession of the waste places of the country, therefore, we could count upon converting these into forest blocks of a thousand acres each at the modest sum of £5,000 per block. Mr. Munro-Ferguson reckons the profits of forest land at from 35s. to £2 per acre per annum; but that may be supposed only to be the reward of a very acute and expert management and in a case where the work was undoubtedly done within reasonable distance of a market. The lands which suggest themselves to those who consider these matters are the half-million acres of Yorkshire moors, and a million between Yorkshire and the Tweed. Works here would relieve the great strain in our most populous parts. The Western districts, 300,000 acres, are further from the congested areas, but Taunton and Bridgwater, Exeter, Plymouth, and many parts of Cornwall are feeling the strain greatly. Hampshire has 90,000 acres which could be dealt with. The New Forest, large parts of which are neither new, nor forest, could be re-converted to its Norman intention. The Wiltshire downs and plains are peculiarly open to treatment. The Midland Re-Afforesting Association has been doing good work even in the Black Country for the last few years, and in the very Metropolis of King Smut the green-robed senators of mighty woods are already out of their cradles. The work is neither impossible nor eleemosynary. It is a perfectly sober proposal, which would remove the perplexities of the Government and open up more chances of happiness for the governed than are yet in sight. The interests of woodcraft are great, and those who apply themselves to it lead healthy and intelligent lives. Under the fascination of the forest work, people would be unlikely to be drawn off into the unhappy vortex of the towns, where uncertainty of employment unsettles and demoralises the character, weakens the stamina of the people, and makes all responsible governors, from Prime Ministers downwards, tear their hair, because the domestic economies of John Bull are so stupidly managed that surfeit and starvation seem to be doled out capriciously to members of the same family and in the same postal district without any reasonable cure or prevention being propounded for either evil. The wiseacres, of course, pronounce all such schemes to be impracticable, and verily impossible, to which terms the simple reply should always be: Then begin it immediately. But lest such short retorts seem unreasonable, we may also point out that the Midland Re-Afforesting Association has for two years actually made the experiment, used the unemployed for the work, and the inspector who reported upon the planting thinks that the work was done at least up to standard, and possibly better. *Operamini!*

GÉRARD DE NERVAL

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, in the year 1808, Gérard de Nerval, one of the most loveable personalities in the whole history of literature, first saw the light. His real name was Gérard Labrunie, and he

was the son of a doctor who had served in the *grande armée* under Napoleon Bonaparte. His childhood was that of a young Bohemian, and his early education was very much neglected, but about the age of sixteen he entered the Collège Charlemagne, and before many weeks had passed over his head in that house of learning he began to give evidence of the remarkable genius which was later to make him one of the most popular *littérateurs* in France. He wrote numbers of verses, some of which appeared in 1826 under the title "*Elégies Nationales*," and among his fellow-students he became known as *le jeune Gérard, auteur des "Elégies Nationales," et l'honneur du Collège Charlemagne*. This collection was followed, in 1827, by a second, which he called "*Nouvelles Elégies*." These earlier poems, however, excellent as they are, and remarkable as the work of one so young in years, are at the best more or less imitations of such of the Liberal school of that period as Béranger and Delavigne, but in 1826 he struck an original note by his translation of Goethe's "*Faust*." To the present day this remains the best translation of that great German masterpiece in any language. In the course of a conversation said to have taken place between Goethe and his friend Eckermann, the subject of the French translation was broached.

"It is excellent!" said Goethe.

"Excellent!" exclaimed his friend disdainfully, "that surely is saying too much! Why, the boy who did it is only eighteen years of age!"

"Eighteen!" replied Goethe with surprise, "I tell you, Eckermann, that this book is a prodigy of style, and that boy will yet be one of the best writers of France!"

To the youth himself he wrote, "*Je ne me suis jamais si bien compris qu'en vous lisant*," a note which Gérard regarded as a kind of title of nobility and of which he was, till the day of his death, extremely proud. After so brilliant a *début* all the avenues of literature were at once thrown open to him, and there was not a journal in France which from that day did not consider the reception of an article from his pen as an honour of no inferior order.

At this period the Romantic school began to make its appearance, under the leadership of Victor Hugo, having received an impetus from the wave of romanticism which was then sweeping everything before it in England. In 1827 Victor Hugo published his famous preface to "*Cromwell*," in which he laid down a set of definite principles which must be followed if the literature of France were to retain its pre-eminence amongst the literatures of Europe. Upon these principles the school was founded, and Gérard was one of the first to ally himself with it. Yet it was the misfortune of Gérard de Nerval and a host of others that they lived in the same century as Victor Hugo. Had it been otherwise, it may be confidently asserted that his name would not to-day be forgotten in France or unknown in Britain. M. Jules Lemaitre, one of the most discriminating of modern French critics, describes him as *un rêveur qui fut une espèce de la Fontaine perdu au milieu des romantiques*.

It was impossible that one possessing so hypersensitive a nature as Gérard de Nerval could escape the pangs of love, and he was now doomed to experience them in their most acute form. Dark days were now in store for him. He had met in his childhood, while running wild in the country, a beautiful young maiden, Jenny Colon, and to her he lost his heart. About the year 1830 he again encountered her in Paris, where she had made a *début* at the Opéra Comique, and was rapidly attaining celebrity there. She proved unfaithful to her former lover, however, and, in despair, he set out for Italy. There news of her death followed

him, and he was seized with the first symptoms of that dreadful malady to which he latterly fell a victim. Several years were spent in travel; Italy, Germany, Holland and even the various countries of the Orient being visited in turn. His knowledge of German enabled him at this time to explore the dark and sombre byways of Teutonic mythology, and he plunged into Illuminism, Mysticism and Theosophy. His mind became filled with images of the most extraordinary character, and it was no uncommon sight later to find him standing stock-still in busy Parisian thoroughfares, hat in hand, rapt before some multi-coloured figment of his imagination.

After the return from his travels his troubles became more acute and frequent, and for some time he was confined in an asylum under the care of Doctor Blanche. He came out of that establishment only half-cured, and he who had formerly lived from hand to mouth was then suddenly seized with a fear of what the morrow would bring forth, and he set himself feverishly to amass as much money as he could possibly earn. A still greater fear overwhelmed his mind; like all who had ever been confined in a mad-house, he imagined that there was a plot to have him again shut up. He suspected even his friends, and lived a kind of Bohemian life, trusting no one with the secret of his dwelling-place, which there is reason to suspect was changed at least every week. Such a life of tension could not last long, and at length came the fearful end.

One evening in January, 1855, he left his temporary place of abode, a furnished lodging in the rue Neuve-des-bons-Enfants. On the evening of the 24th he took refuge, in a state of fatigue and despair, in one of these low cabarets in the poorer quarters of Paris, where a night's rest may be had for the price of a glass of wine. But in the early hours of the morning, according to police regulations, he was turned out. He is then known to have knocked at the door of a miserable lodging-house, where he was known, but the proprietress, whose beds were all occupied, refused to open to him. He left dejectedly, and at six o'clock, a few hours later, his body was discovered hanging to the barred doorway which opened into a common sewer, in a street which has since disappeared, called the rue de la Vieille-Lanterne.

Gérard de Nerval was a most prolific writer, and even when his trouble was at its very worst, novels, plays and books of travel continued to flow from his pen. It is impossible to mention even a fraction of his published works, but the best known are "*Scènes de la vie Orientale*" (1848), "*Les Nuits de Ramazan*" (1850), "*Lorely, Souvenirs de l'Allemagne*" (1852), "*Les Illuminés*" (1852), "*Les Filles du Feu*" (1854), and "*Aurelia où le Rêve de la Vie*" (1855). The last few pages of the MS. of "*Aurelia*" were found in his pocket on the morning upon which his body was discovered. He also wrote many dramas, and frequently collaborated in this branch of literature with A. Dumas, Alboize, Lopez, and Mery. His known works fill many volumes, but there must still remain buried in the files of old papers and magazines material which he produced sufficient to fill as many more. He wrote under various *noms-de-guerre*, and had a genius for seeking out the most obscure and little-known journals, as if he preferred that his work should never be read. He was also for many years, in conjunction with Gautier, dramatic critic of *la Presse*.

Great as he was as a writer of prose, and although his prose by far exceeds his verse, it was as a poet, nevertheless, that Gérard excelled. Most of his volumes, both in prose and poetry, are now out of print and very difficult to procure. Yet he truly deserves a better fate. With the exception of his "*Vers dorés*," in which he gave poetical expression to many of the strange phantasies which filled his brain, nearly

all his poetry is full of sadness, a reflection of his life, perchance, and not unprophectic of his death. The following monotone, "*Les Cydalises*," the only specimen of his work that space will allow us to give, is such a poem, and constitutes one of the earliest examples of a lyrical form which was much affected in France half a century ago:

Où sont nos amoureuses?
Elles sont au tombeau!
Elles sont plus heureuses
Dans un séjour plus beau!

Elles sont près des anges,
Dans le fond du ciel bleu,
Et chantent les louanges
De la mère de Dieu!

O blanche fiancée!
O jeune vierge en fleur!
Amante délaissée,
Que flétrit la douleur!

L'éternité profonde
Souriait dans vos yeux—
Flambeaux éteints du monde,
Rallumez-vous aux cieux!

Gérard the *littérateur* has seldom been surpassed; Gérard the man, never. His first thought was ever for a friend or acquaintance, never for himself. *Le bon Gérard* was the name by which Paris knew him, and when the news of his death fell like a thunder-clap that winter's morning upon the city it ceased for a brief space its wonted gaiety and wept for him. In his early days, before the hand of sorrow had fallen heavily upon his head, he used to flutter about among his friends, shining in upon them like a ray of sunshine, leaving a sense of lightness and joy wherever he went. If you asked a favour of him he would thank you for having thought of him in the matter, as if he were the person receiving the service, and immediately he was off to do your behest. Many stories are told of his absent-mindedness and entire detachment from the ordinary affairs of everyday life. He was, above all, a poet, and, like all true poets, did most of his work in the open air. It was no uncommon sight to behold a figure who had been racing along some busy street in Paris, with an appearance of semi-distraction, suddenly stop, take a note-book from one of his capacious pockets, and, entirely oblivious to all around him, write as if for dear life. But he was more than a poet: he was, likewise, an artist and a born *connoisseur*. He lived for the present alone; like the birds of which he sang in so melodious a strain, the spring for him was the time of joy and gladness:

Puis, quand vient l'automne brumeuse
Il se tait . . . avant les temps froids.

One day he would be the happy possessor of a little fortune; the next might see him indebted to a comrade for a paltry loan of five francs. When in the former condition he was a constant patron of auctioneers and dealers in antiques. Dainty pieces of Sèvres china, gilded clocks, curious specimens of wood-carving, gems and talismans all had for him an irresistible charm. But he seldom had a fixed place of abode, and he made a constant use of the houses of his friends in which to store his treasures. Almost as soon as deposited there they were forgotten, and it was no uncommon circumstance to find him pawning his overcoat to enable him to get a meal, while in the house of a comrade a treasure for which he had paid thousands of francs was at that very moment safely ensconced. On one occasion he bought for an enormous sum a carved oak bed, which he ordered to be brought to his lodging. He was, however, unable to procure furnishings and bed-

clothes for so elaborate a piece of furniture, and he slept upon the floor beside his purchase, on a borrowed mattress. This was eminently characteristic of the man: he lived his life, and when he considered that his light had gone out, did not hesitate to take that final plunge into the dark unknown. Like a butterfly he fluttered through the world, never really becoming familiar with the hard facts of human affairs, and if beyond those dark waters there do exist, as he sincerely believed there did, such beings as angels, sylphs, fairies and gnomes, he will find himself more at home there than he ever did upon this inhospitable planet of ours.

TALES FOR CHILDREN.

IF nursery governesses, Sunday-school teachers and young persons generally, who have the care of still younger ones, would be ruled by one simple principle they would not labour in vain, as it is certain many of them now do. The principle is this, that each child climbs its own ancestral tree. Just as a plant, like broom or the gum-tree, starts by throwing out leaves which belong to the earlier evolution of its race, and later on changes to the habits of its parents, so it is with Tommy and Betty: they belong to an older world, probably about the Neolithic period. They dabble in mud, with the instincts of the lake-dwellers. To sling a stone far enough to rouse the family cow or set father's horse ramping is to them pleasure, wisdom and self-realisation in one act. To gorge themselves comatose, if there is provender at hand, is exactly right and natural in, and up to, their eyes. The food of the mind and of the spirit must be such as suited the serious ritualist, pre-Sinaitic simple minds of the extreme ancients. They detest a showman who has a foolish, make-believe, hesitating way with him. Modern morals are as abhorrent to them as modern medicine or hygienics, as Sunday clothes and the silly superstition of sitting still and keeping one's fingers out of the neighbour's hair. The wretches who use even fairies and rabbits to teach lessons of mercy and sympathy are trappers, who should be waxed to their seats, tripped up with string, and taught their utter impossibility. Nothing but the fear of counter-torture prevents a well-grown boy of seven or eight from slinging, spearing, hacking or sawing at his governess if he is once convinced that she is useless and dangerous to his peace. The timorous little maiden, who is so much more obedient outwardly, will not only abet such a deed, but even plan it and approve of it afterwards. Later on, of course, they get to the semi-civilised stage, and pass to notions of law, on to chivalry, legalism, rebellion, ruffles, stodginess, views and vanities, until they are lost in the common life of the men about them. But in the earlier stages they do not want the modern unbelieving fairy-tales; they do not even want Andersen's lovely art parables. What they really enjoy is a tale from Thorpe's "Yuletide Tales," or Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." That any one of these is only a variant of "Jack and the Beanstalk" or some other familiar tale, does not matter one jot. Jack, if he is renamed Boots, may climb a cress trunk or a bullrush and go through all his usual pranks without a word of protest from the auditors. They do not care, so long as the troll gets knife enough in the end. That is the great point, to let the trullibubs out of the intolerable rascal, who has no business to be big and uncanny and to have treasures which other and more sizeable people need. Sir George Dasent was a true benefactor to the young. He has been dead these twelve years, and the stupid publishers pour out rubbish for the nursery, but never

think of rescuing Dasent from the laystall (we speak childishly, of course). They waste their paints and engravings over poor, sugary wedding-cake fairies and schoolroom play creatures, with fat legs like our own and weapons which draw neither blood nor groans. What is the use of all that? Now, Dasent, when he was not wasting his life at *The Times*, the Bar, and King's College, London, was collecting realities. Take his story of Buttercup, for instance. Every time the old hag came to fetch him he hid under the kneading-trough. Every time she wheedled and pretended she had a silver present for him he cried out, "Pip! pip! here I am," and was carried off in the sack, to be boiled. Yet for all his innocent boldness he had the root of the matter in him, for did he not kill the Troll wench when the family were all at Mass? Did he not boil her into broth? so that when they came home and tasted and said:

"Good, by my troth,
Buttercup broth,"

he was able to reply from the roof:

"Good, by my troth,
Daughter broth."

"Then they all began to wonder who it could be that chattered so, and ran out to see. But when they came out at the door, Buttercup threw down on them the fir-tree root and the stone and broke all their heads to bits. After that he took all the gold and silver that lay in the house and went home to his mother, and became a rich man." That is what we, of the nursery, know to be the very best kind of conduct. That is how our elder brother Jack, now in the third form, could and would behave at a crisis. He would not be dwarfed in heroism by any of those embellishments which we learn on Sundays, very good, no doubt, for the dull company of semi-trolls in the drawing-room or the billiard-room, but by no means to rule us at these great moments of our existence. Take the master-thief again, who could steal the sheet from the squire's bed and the meat from his kitchen, with crowds to protect both. When that furtive victor had won the heiress and terrorised everyone lest he should steal the eyes out of their heads, he rested on his triumphs. "I don't know whether he stole any more; but if he did I am quite sure it was only for the sake of a bit of fun." He had stolen himself famous, into wealth, honour and domestic felicity, so that there was no need to work at his laudable trade any more. He only used it just for the fun of the thing. To some extent much of the Old Testament is of this early, fresh colour. It is untamed by a social morality which is applied as well as pure. Perhaps for that very reason children are very patient with it, and until it is rubbed violently into them will receive it even with gladness, whereas even the loveliest Psalms have no message for them. This does not mean that they should never be taught matter which has no message at present. On the contrary, children have to have many things, to be used when thoughts are hard to gather and still harder to retain. But when the first and last object is to delight the pupil, then the ancient methods must be studied, the ancient approach copied, and the bold and unshrinking spirit displayed which welcomes repetition as a kind of friendly ornament, and likes, when necessary, with man's blood to paint the ground gules, gules.

CONCERNING FRANCES RIVERS

WE remember once enquiring of a popular writer of short stories whether there had not been of late years a diminished demand for the particular product which it was his business to supply. His answer was laconic,

but illuminating. "For the good short story," he remarked, "there is no demand; but for the bad short story there is, I thank God, a very great demand." This author knew his market, and, with a wisdom begotten of experience and a long process of disillusionment, he had learned to adapt himself to the requirements of his patrons. Cynical, however, as the utterance may appear, it needs but the most cursory glance at the popular monthly magazine to verify its truth. Bankrupt alike of imagination and of ideas, the short story writer pursues his dreary and monotonous routine. The trick is one that can be easily acquired, and we incline to the opinion that, once mastered, the process becomes purely automatic. The ingredients never vary. Every month some phenomenal criminal baffles the most cunning investigations of a no less phenomenal detective. Every month new Ruritania is discovered, or some monstrous airship speeds on its flights to unknown worlds.

The truth is, these hucksters in fiction have yet to learn the meaning of the short story. That there is an art in the writing of short stories would probably surprise them. Certainly the realisation of this fact does not appear as yet to have dawned upon what courtesy demands that we should refer to as their intelligence. The short story is not, as is generally assumed, a miniature novel. It bears indeed the same relation to the novel as the sonnet to the epic. If the sonnet is "a moment's monument," so, too, in a sense, is the short story. It is, properly considered, the dramatic presentation of a detached episode. The main business of its author is to select from a mass of conflicting incidents those only which bring into strong relief the particular situation which he has chosen to portray. He is concerned exclusively with the present, looking neither before nor after. There must be no waste, no redundancies. Every phrase must tell, must be of vital import: otherwise your author is no craftsman, but a common bungler, unskilled in the very elements of his art. The best of Mr. Kipling's short stories have this note; so, too, have those of Mr. Henry James, which are perfect models of their kind. But Mr. Kipling has turned to the writing of indifferent verse, while Mr. James—vexed, it may be, by an inadequate appreciation—has sought refuge in the Unintelligible. In the meanwhile, we are delivered over to the tender mercies of the monthly magazine.

And yet, curiously enough, it is in the monthly magazine that we have discovered a writer who may legitimately claim to be preserving, in a quiet and unobtrusive fashion, the best traditions of the short story. Miss Frances Rivers strolls into the columns of the *Windsor Magazine* like a somnambulist, so strangely unaware does she appear to be of the fierce and frenzied life which is surging round her. Her stories make no appeal to the reader whose one demand is the conventional thrill. They require for their appreciation a certain detachment of interest from the subjects which absorb the attention of the average man. They are, in the best sense of the word, literary; concerned rather with the appropriate presentation of an incident than with the incident itself. They possess that elusive and indefinable quality which is known as "style." They reveal an unfailing insight into the less easily apprehended of human motives, an accurate perception of *le mot juste*. Occasionally the reader is confronted with a phrase which is as felicitous as it is daring, as when, in "The Time of Roses," we are told of the heroine's face that it "flaunted, as with insolence, the tricolour of youth—the red in lips, the white in skin, the blue in eyes," or, again, in "A Fifth-Floor Idyll":—"Anne was the last person she would expect to have that chink in the brain through which shines Heaven's gleam." The influence of Mr. Henry James is at times traceable, though it must be said in justice to Miss Rivers that she has preserved a hold on reality

which the author of "The Golden Bowl" in his too-successful pursuit of the fantastic in life and conduct has allowed to slip.

We are far from suggesting that these stories are without their faults. The faults are, however, incidental to youth. For, though we know nothing of Miss Rivers personally, we shall hazard the guess that she is still young. She is not above the ugly habit of ending her sentences with a preposition. And—which is a graver matter—it must be confessed that she has not wholly escaped the benumbing influence of the *cliché*. Never again, let us hope, will she venture to speak of the air as being filled with an "aromatic fragrance." This, it is only fair to say, is a rare lapse, and she is rather in danger of an over-developed preciosity. Her fondness for experimentation leads her occasionally into strange paths, and she sometimes misses her way in words of her own weaving.

When all necessary deductions have been made, however, Miss Rivers's stories must be declared sufficiently remarkable to challenge attention and to compel admiration. Slight of texture as they are, they reveal a very definite point of view, and each of them is, in its own way, an interpretation of life. There is one of them in particular—it is called "The Itinerary of a Day"—which is as fine as anything we have read for years. A young man, strolling through some country lanes, encounters a horde of cattle-drovers brutally belabouring their unfortunate beasts, and tainting the air with the foulness of their language. Circumstances compel him to stay the same night under the roof that harbours these human swine. Entering a room, he finds the men at their prayers, their hands uplifted in fervent supplication. Reduced to the barest and baldest summary, that is the theme of the story, and nothing, it might seem, could be more unpromising. The charm, however, lies in the telling, and the concluding words have that inevitability which is the note of all great art.

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures boast two soul-sides!" Peter murmured the quotation to himself, as, gently making his way past the kneeling men, he closed behind him the door of his own room, realising, for the first time, the truth of the saying: "Life is but a series of recantations."

Miss Rivers—let it be said in conclusion—has no illusions on the subject of human nature. But she has a just appreciation of "the soul of goodness in things evil," and, viewed through the delicate medium of her art, the common swindler (Porson is an excellent example), the egotists and the selfish, worldly woman of society become objects of sympathy, if not of admiration. This in itself is no mean achievement. And we must add to it our own personal testimony that rarely indeed have we encountered stories of such fineness of texture, exhibiting all that is summed up in the expressive word *délicatesse*, or of such splendid promise. At a period when the art of the short story appears to have suffered a decline, they are doubly welcome.

"HANNELE" FROM THE PIT

PERHAPS we made a mistake, and should have gone to the gallery, for certainly the pit was a disappointment. Yet the hope that led us there was surely a natural one. For as the object of the Afternoon Theatre is (if we understand it) to keep alive that flickering, easily-quenched spark of interest in the intellectual drama from which some day may yet be kindled the torches of a national movement, so is it a truism that the heart of a playhouse is in the pit. The heart of a popular English audience stirred by the mysterious music of this wonderful poem of Hauptmann! That was what we

promised ourselves to see; but the result, as we say, was disappointing. In the first place the pit itself was scarce more than a quarter full, nor were the occupants of that quarter what we had expected to find them. The Great Heart was conspicuously absent. Some few cultured and clerubic undergraduates, down from Oxford or Cambridge; a sprinkling of suburban ladies whose interest in the performance was quite frankly centred upon the personality of Mr. Henry Ainley—these apart, the rest of us appeared to be composed entirely of unemployed players, drawn hither by professional curiosity. An attentive audience enough, but hardly one of any special promise for the dramatic future. It was a proof of our quality that we took every bit as keen an interest in Miss Mack's uninspired little curtain-raiser as in the greater play. During the interval between the two, the easy *cameraderie* of the half-crown led to much cheerful conversation, and to the exchange amongst us, often with greater enthusiasm than accuracy, of identification for the celebrated heads whose backs were visible over the more expensive seats. Suddenly the lights were lowered, and we fell silent.

To confess at once, despite all the subsequent rhapsodies of the critics, we must hold to our opinion that the Afternoon Theatre made a mistake in its opening programme. Let us offer this simple test. Can anyone honestly assert that the poetry of "Hannele" gained rather than lost impressiveness and beauty from its public performance last week? It is the old question of Study or Stage over again, with (or so it seems to me) all the arguments for the former immeasurably strengthened. We shall be told, have already been told several times, that Hauptmann wrote his dream poem to be acted, and that in the country of its birth it is already a popular and oft-repeated success. This, of course, applied to England, and to a "production" at His Majesty's Theatre, proves absolutely nothing. The conditions differ too entirely. Seeming paradox though it may be, the fact remains that the more perfectly "Hannele" is put upon the stage the less tolerable it becomes. Given under conditions of semi-privacy, in a barn if you will, with no elaborate illusion, no cunning effects of lighting and transparency, the effect should not be much less moving than if the exquisite poetry and imagination of the story were left to work its own impression upon the soul of a reader. A former presentment by the Play-Actors on Palm Sunday was in many ways an approach to this ideal, because there the reverence (spirituality would be a better word) was in less danger of being destroyed by the accessories. Let us not be misunderstood. The acting at His Majesty's Theatre the other afternoon was almost faultless, the stage-management was perfect, and the whole spectacle one of great artistic beauty, but—by just so much was it a spectacle and not a dream. The honest truth is that the movement of Hauptmann's poem is so entirely subjective that it is impossible of translation in terms of lime-light and revolving scenery. Had it been "A Child's Dream of Christmas Eve," with a vision of Santa Claus at the bedside, and carols instead of heavenly voices, all this would not have mattered; as it is, the scheme of the poem is too large, too full of fear and mystery, for such trickery of Pepper's Ghosts, be they manipulated with never so great ingenuity and skill.

Perhaps we felt this in the pit, for on the whole we do not think that we were impressed. Indeed, we fear that some amongst us failed to grasp the significance, or even the precise nature, of what was going forward upon the stage. Thus, at the apparition of Mattern the Mason, though we whispered "Oo!" shudderingly, and prepared to shut our eyes, we were palpably disconcerted when he proved to have no corporeal existence; while the imagined grief of Gottwald at the bedside of Hannele (that exquisitely subtle touch) pro-

voked from a lady in front of us the comment, "He must have been in love with her after all!"

It is no part of our scheme to criticise in detail the performance of individual players; this was indeed everything that could have been wished. Both in the reality and in the dream Mr. Ainley used one of the most beautiful speaking voices in London with effect; it was not his fault that what one understands to have been a prohibition of the Censor rendered his appearance in the final vision somewhat cold and meaningless. Hannele herself was most poignantly played by Miss Marie Löhr; and the Angelic visitants, if they had to be palpable at all, were given just the right Easter-card aspect under which they would have presented themselves to the imagination of the child.

A printed slip within the programme had bidden us refrain from any demonstration, and the obedient silence at the fall of the curtain was broken only by the energetic applause of an individual in the stalls, who appeared to be a German, and may therefore either not have understood the notice, or failed to appreciate the significance of treating what was obviously a very clever dramatic spectacle as a religious ceremony. We were quite angry with this person in the pit. The two resting actors on our right both said "Hush!" very loudly and indignantly, after which they turned and winked pleasantly together in a confidential manner. As we came out into the street we wondered much why they should have done this. We are still wondering. It was an afternoon of perplexities.

REVIEWS

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SURREY

Highways and Byways in Surrey. By ERIC PARKER, with Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE "Highways and Byways" series of county guide-books sustains its reputation well with each new issue. "Guide-Book" is perhaps rather an uncomplimentary and not quite accurate term to use, for the volume before us is the work of one who has read widely of poetry and history, and who knows how to apply his reading to the exposition of the county he has chosen. So near to our doors lies this charming region—everywhere well within a five-shilling railway journey—yet how few of us have explored its inner recesses, its woods, its pools and ferny dales! These attractions, one would think, might be enough to describe between one pair of covers, but Mr. Parker is generous; he discourses amiably of a hundred pleasant things that suggest themselves *en route*, from cricket to politicians and church records, from Derby Day to forestry and fishing-lore. Of the historic associations alluded to, we may mention a few only from an embarrassing array: we hear of Lord Howard of Effingham, who captained the English Navy against the Spanish Armada; of George Wither, first commander of Farnham Castle; of Swift at Moor Park, where began one of the most famous love-stories of the world; of Cowley, in his solitary garden by the Chertsey meadows; of Bret Harte, buried in Frimley churchyard; of Lord Derby, immortalised by Epsom; of Keats, finishing "Endymion" at Burford Bridge; of "Mr. Stiggins" and the Marquis of Granby, Dorking; last, but not least, of Mr. George Meredith, still happily with us, and his delightful poem, "Love in the Valley."

The first chapter contains some most interesting remarks concerning the ancient "Pilgrims' Way," from which we will quote a paragraph or two in conclusion:

The pilgrims did not all travel to Canterbury by the same road, along the self-same track so many feet wide, as the Ordnance Map and some of those who have written on the Pilgrims' Way would argue. . . . For pilgrims, after all, were as human then as walkers along country roads are to-day. Some would prefer to walk alone high up on the ridge; others would choose a bevy of companions and chatter along the road under the hill. Some would be thin, ascetic persons, who liked to stride along and see how far they could go without eating or drinking; some would be pleasant, good-tempered creatures, who would amble by dusty places and be thankful for cool beer; some would eat or drink mechanically, filled with a single thought of prayer and pilgrimage to a shrine. Some would be always perverse, and because most people travelled by one path, or halted at an easy spot, would choose deliberately another path, and halt where others passed on. Some would determine, come what might of wind or rain or sun, to sleep at a certain village at nightfall, others would let the weather decide for them.

By those ways they went, fur-clad Briton, ravaging Dane, Roman eagle, traders of tin, and drivers of ponies, along the ridge in the sun and the wind and the rain; by their side and after them, along the ridge and under it, travelled the knight and the clerk and the friar and the summoner, as they travelled from the Tabard Inn to St. Thomas's shrine with Chaucer; and we may follow them, beginning with Surrey's western town and journeying at the end from the Tabard again, with the pilgrims passing to the east.

We have given sufficient to show Mr. Parker's delightful manner of treating the scenes through which he passes, and we will close with a word of high praise to the numerous sketches which adorn the book: some of them may be a trifle rough, but they retain the charm of fresh pencil drawings—a style of illustration which is admirably suited to the purpose of the book.

THE HEART OF THE WILD

The Heart of the Wild. By S. L. BENSUSAN. (John Milne. Price 6s.)

MR. BENSUSAN has found his way to the heart of the wild, and leads each of us as near as we can go, for it is not given to all to get there quite. We can, most of us, feel with some of the dwellers in that world which at once is and is not our own, but it is not given to many to have seen in true perspective the order and union in the wild life around us. Birds, beasts and rodents have Mr. Bensusan's sympathies, from the golden eagle to the water rat, from the fighting bull to the flamingo. All of them have spoken to him in their own tongue, and he interprets them to us. Most rightly the golden eagle takes the foremost place. "The king of the air, and monarch of all the wild life he surveys." When we meet His Majesty he is on the "rocky ledge on which his eyrie was set." He had stooped to one of low degree, and had made friends with the red fox—and only a highland fox, too. In the grasslands a fox with his well-furred brush is a gentleman of high degree; in the highlands he is vermin. And whence this unequal friendship? A basis is suggested: "the fox was the only living creature which was neither to be eaten nor feared." We follow him through a long career of slaughter, a fresh kill to a meal—for the eagle eats no carrion—a very Attila of the air! When we leave him he has "screamed defiance as he rose higher with loud flapping of his heavy wings. The rifle cracked . . ." And then, "'How terribly the mother eagle has been screaming,' said the red fox to himself . . . 'my nerves were giving out.'"

From the eagle's flight we come to the badger's burrow, most palatially lodged of rodents. We find his house door "just where the gorse ended, and the trees asserted themselves again." "Brock" was then young, but we follow him through courtship and mar-

riage, and see his first family disperse. He has not many friends—the fox and the night owl, few others, and he has many enemies, and above all man—but his skin is tough. Beware of digging a badger by night, for that offends "the little people." The camel is clearly one of Mr. Bensusan's intimate friends. He knows him every hour of the day—the beast that is patient under a permanent grievance, which, perhaps, on the whole, is well founded. But our particular camel was an exception. He took his grievance too seriously, and turned. A camel very seldom goes for a man, but when he does, camel or man must die. A family of roebuck form a pretty group. The two fawns were born in the low-lying woodlands, but as summer came the flies drove them out. The mother doe demurred to a visit to the mountains for fear of offending the royal red deer, but her lord calmed her fears, because, "next to the red grouse there is no bird or beast who does so much for the red deer as we do." And they went. There we absolutely hated the golden eagle, with his cruel talons deep in a little fawn's shoulders, and there was only one fawn left, and he had learnt to fear. How many know that the water rat is almost a vegetarian? Well, he is one, especially if he is well bred, and has a *white tip to his tail*. A clean, harmless little being, the enemy of no living thing, unless there are too many young frogs about. The moorhen is "Jock's" greatest friend. Each thinks that he has taught the other to dive, and they have some common enemies—the big pike to the young of either, and worst of all, the weasel, which "Jock" and his family found to their cost. But the keeper's lad with his first single-barrelled gun was about, and that weasel was nailed up to the branch of the elm tree that served as vermin larder.

And the homes of these, his friends, are well known to Mr. Bensusan, and the natural phenomena of their environment. A highland hillside, a sand-devil in the Sahara, or a quiet English river rippling between its banks, "where willows share with poplars the custody of the water," all earn appreciation in these pages, and the illustrations are very life-like. "The Heart of the Wild" takes a place not far from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's jungle books, and is good reading for children of all ages.

WINGED DREAMS

Winged Dreams. By HELEN COLEBROOKE. (Blackwood. Price, 6s.)

"WINGED DREAMS" bear us to pleasant places where we meet some pleasant people, and one very fine character, one charming lady. "The story begins with the return of Diana to Lesters."

Lesters is a fine Queen Anne house bearing the imprint of possession by many generations of rich and cultured holders. Its present owner, Guy Lord Stevenage, is essentially a home product. A grand *seigneur* of cosmopolitan sympathies and culture, his generosity and single-heartedness are tempered with a critical insight and a rare discernment, and thus a character is completed which is seldom found out of England. He is a scientist and a scholar, but also a statesman, for he had been Foreign Secretary, and had resigned because he held that the Government had not kept faith where he had pledged them. He is a widower, and has three sons. Bobby (Lord Aston), a Guardsman, Dick, a diplomatist, and Jimmy, a typical midshipman, and a delightful boy. But almost more dear to him than even his own sons is his niece Diana. Her spendthrift father Charles Dasent died, and soon afterwards her mother, Cynthia. The poor lady had mistaken which of the brothers, Guy or Charles, owned her heart. She left Diana to her first love.

Diana, alas, had made the same mistake as her mother had, and had married the wrong man. She is now a widow, Lady Osmonde. She ought to have married Bobby, and to have been Lady Aston. But as she is, happy or not, it is a beautiful picture of a lady who comes back to Lesters that we find on page 50. She finds there an addition to the establishment, a private secretary, and on first view she exclaimed to her uncle: "I didn't know that you had engaged as your secretary the Apollo Belvedere." Anthony Heath is the son of a man of humble origin whom Lord Stevenage helped at Oxford. He has considerable ability, which he does not under-rate, and is very ambitious, but was at a loose end when Lord Stevenage found him. He thinks himself a philanthropist, but is a pure egotist, and he is engaged to his cousin Ruth Trevellis, who has £1,500 a year. He has a Greek athlete's frame, but his Greek features are not chiselled quite clean.

A representative house-party assembles at Lesters, and the characters are grouped with some artistic skill. The stage is nearly full, when Miss Ruth Trevellis (Anthony's *fiancée*) comes to lunch. A Suffragette and a rabid teetotaler, she takes charge completely. She denies the authenticity of her host's pictures, above all his one Botticelli, rebukes him for the wine drunk at lunch, till he is driven to drink an extra glass of hock, and, of course, demands his suffrages. The situation is only saved by Jimmy the midshipman. She is the only very offensive character in the book, almost inartistically vulgar. But she is a Suffragette, and the authoress doubtless thinks that she needs special treatment.

From Lesters the scene shifts to Florence, where there are only three actors, Diana, Anthony, and Lord Stevenage. This is where Lord Stevenage made his great renunciation and lost his love, Diana's mother. So he could speak to his niece with much comprehension and with effect.

The tale ends in Grosvenor Square, where Anthony's father, David Heath, becomes an actor. He is a narrow Puritan and an ascetic, but though he expresses joy by quoting Psalms at length, in his only meeting with Diana he proves that in his displeasure he can curse with Jeremiah. Happily, the ill-matched interview did not last long. But the Reverend David was soon replaced by his son Anthony, and Diana found to her cost how dangerous may be an incarnation from the Greek mythology when not quite cleanly sculptured. Happily, she had the courage of her breeding, and so had also resource, and her faithful maid Julie was at the end of the bell.

We have a little criticism to offer. We find that too much attention is given to each individual character, and the history of each is given at all too great length. Then there are a few names which are a little bit tiresome. A foreign state is found named Olympia, and a dependency in the Vespucian Islands. The local borough is called Burndale-on-the-Booze, and Bobby is put into the *Welsh Guards*. Diana and her uncle converse too much. Most of the nice people we know talk to one another, and don't talk about conversing. We note, too, a very unusual use of the word "topic" at the bottom of page 251—"but they will *topic* to me all the evening." All the same, we think that our readers will find these "Winged Dreams" pleasant ones.

DR. JAMESON

Dr. Jameson. By G. SEYMOUR FORT. (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. SEYMOUR FORT has made us feel that we know Dr. Jameson very well, and that we should like to know

him better. But, above all, we should have liked to have known him in the making—when he was making his name, *Dr. Jim*.

He was born in Edinburgh on February 9th, 1853, and was the tenth son of his father and mother. So tired were they of finding names for sons at home that they called him Leander Starr, after an American friend. Rather a burden for a boy to bear, and he shed it from him in Kimberley to all intents and purposes, and has been known as nothing else but Dr. Jim since he went there. His father's forbears were from the Shetland Islands, his grandmother was a Danish lady, his mother was a daughter of General Pringle, of Symington, in Midlothian, so he was all Northern bred, with a fine strain of Norseman blood in his veins, and it is this strain to which he has thrown back, and which has largely influenced his life. Of middle height, slim, erect, and always alert, he could beat nearly all of his brothers running, provided the distance was long enough. He was a stayer as a boy, and has stayed the course well ever since. He took life earnestly from the first, but he never played a game after he left school, and the only recreation he allowed himself was to join a Volunteer corps, where he served under Sir Frederick Leighton. But Mr. Fort writes (page 51):

Fortunately he did not waste any valuable impressionable years in the semi-scenic academic world of Oxford and Cambridge, but went straight at the age of nineteen to University College Hospital. He thus escaped having to adapt his growing individuality to the observance of those microscopic tyrannies of good form and public school conventions which dominate the social atmosphere of these historic universities.

And here we take issue with Mr. Fort. We think that Dr. Jameson's character would have been completed by the training which his biographer congratulates him on having missed, and that the sense of proportion and of discipline which public school and university instil, would have saved him from the one disaster of his life. At University College Hospital he found his work distasteful. As Mr. Fort writes, "The quality of pity is rare to youth, but even as a boy it had been keenly alive in him," and to witness operations was intensely painful to him. But he passed through his hospital with distinction, and at the age of twenty-three became Resident Medical Officer, and there we are told that Jameson ripened into the fullest powers of manhood, and that

with his natural fine ethical character, and his clear, practical reasoning, he early divorced himself from any theological or metaphysical leanings, and devoted his energy to the scientific study of his profession, and of the actual processes of human life.

Hardworking and determined, tender-hearted but tough of frame, untrammelled by school tradition or religious dogma, such was the man who arrived in Kimberley in 1878 as partner to Dr. Pringle. We are given in Chapter III. an interesting history of the development of Kimberley from a digger's paradise in 1870 to a sleepy hollow in 1890. So it was in its middle growth that Jameson came, and with the growth of Kimberley he found also his full development. He early impressed himself on the rough mining population. The best bunch of grapes in the market were kept for Dr. Jim, and a grateful tribute of the labours of those early days was paid by a groom years after. (As a jockey Jameson had tended his broken leg.) When he heard of the sentence passed on Dr. Jim he exclaimed: "Whatever 'quod' he gets I'd gladly do half of it for him, that I would!"

And in Kimberley he first met Cecil Rhodes. In habits and in externals they were contrasts. But the ruling spirit of each was a strain of patriotism which

was also individualism, and which revolted at the place of inferiority into which the Britisher had fallen since Majuba. Rhodes was engaged with his struggle with Kruger to prevent Dutch supremacy in South Africa, and to checkmate the Dutch and German combined game which was being played.

One man was the complement of the other. Rhodes found:

an intellect, a temperament and a capacity for disinterested service that responded to his views. . . . This friendship was in reality a silent, unwritten partnership, which was to alter the map of South Africa.

Rhodes was the senior partner and the larger gainer by the partnership. While assimilating his friend's imperial ideas, Jameson became also a social factor in Kimberley of the first degree. Rhodes was taciturn, and often ill-mannered. Jameson was communicative, sympathetic, and ready of speech. At the club he would always take a hand at poker. He was at heart a gambler. So, in 1889, when Rhodes's schemes for the control of Mashonaland seemed on the verge of ruin, owing to the suspicions of Lobengula of the Matabele, and when his agent had fled to Mafeking, Jameson, at half a day's notice, got into a Cape cart and made for Bulawayo, throwing up his medical practice without a thought.

Very interesting are the records of his negotiations with the Matabele king. First he cured Lobengula of gout. Then, after three months he was given a commission to bring his white impi into Mashonaland, and was initiated in public as induna of the king's favourite regiment, the imbeza. He never saw Lobengula again, but four years after he stood on the same spot, a victorious leader of the Rhodesian force, which had "utterly wiped out one of the most organised systems of savagery the world has known." Without doubt the greatest services that Dr. Jameson has rendered to the Empire were the occupation of Mashonaland and then of Matabeleland, and his subsequent administration of Rhodesia. It was a very motley crew that marched into Mashonaland under Colonel Pennefather in May, 1890. They came by Lobengula's invitation, but were met at the Lundi River by an envoy, with a message to "Go back unless they were strong enough to go on." They went on, and the Union Jack was hoisted at Salisbury in September, 1890. When Pennefather got Lobengula's message he replied that he was sent by the Queen, and must go where he was sent, and should do so. Mr. Fort writes: "The voice was that of Colonel Pennefather, the words were the words of Jameson." We have some sympathy with Colonel Pennefather! Mr. Colquhoun administered the country till July 1891, when he handed over to Dr. Jameson the administration. But Jameson had been the directing spirit. By his own personality he had turned back a Boer trek into Barotseland under the same Colonel Ferreira to whom he had to surrender himself a prisoner in January, 1896, and he checked Portuguese aggression in Manikaland by untiring travel.

On assuming the administration Jameson found a very tangled financial situation, but he unravelled it, and faced the unpopularity of rigid economy. Public security, too, was a pressing care, for the country was flooded with a very rough white element, brought into contact with a savage native race. The story of the first Matabele War of 1893 is well told. Jameson held no military rank, but "he was first in all councils of war, and was the moving spirit on all occasions," and cigarette in mouth, wearing a grey overcoat, a riding whip in hand, he was always where the fighting was keenest. And three days after the defeat of the Matabele on the Bembesi river he rode alone into Bulawayo, and stood as conqueror on the spot where he had been

acclaimed induna of the royal regiment. He had added an immense and wealthy territory to our Empire.

The historic scene is well painted.

For two years Dr. Jameson administered Rhodesia as the representative of the Chartered Company. During this period he paid a visit to England, and had been accorded an enthusiastic hearing in the Imperial Institute, the Prince of Wales (the King) presiding. In 1895 came the Uitlander Revolution—and the fatal Raid. The causes of Uitlander discontent are sketched to remind us of them; then on page 162 is given a brief draft of the revolutionists' scheme. Jameson was to be at Pitsani, on the frontier, while the Revolutionists seized the person of the President. Then Jameson's police were to arrive at Johannesburg. The High Commissioner and Rhodes were to appear (*Dei ex machina*) to act as mediators between "the armed, outraged forces of the Republic on the one hand, and the militant, but insufficiently armed Uitlanders on the other." A sort of Utopian felony was to have been committed. It all smacks of comic opera, if the results had not been so dire. Mr. Fort shows with powerful pen how utterly unfit for revolutionary leaders were the men in Johannesburg, and how fore-doomed to failure their plans were. Rhodes wanted to abandon the scheme, but would not insist against Jameson's arguments. Jameson had drunk of the subtlety of all poisons, the belief in his own star, the trust in his own luck. He was at heart a gambler. He had been studying Clive's career too deeply. Would not public school and University have stood by him here, and shown him the true sense of proportion and the true sense of loyalty which he, as the administrator of an Imperial Chartered Company, owed to the Empire? The chapter devoted to the Raid is most engrossing. Jameson's pluck and resolution, and then his philosophic resignation, are enthusiastically recounted. Due tribute is paid also to the discipline and self-restraint of the Boer captors at Rustenburg, who spared the lives of Jameson and his officers, outlawed by England as they were. Imprisonment and trial follows.

The last chapter contains a record of Dr. Jameson's political career at Cape Town, and of his four years' premiership. His first achievement was the consolidation of the British or Progressive party, but the object of his political life was to develop the resources of the country "in the best interests of both races." With Rhodes he dreamed of a Federated and then a Unified South Africa. They dreamt of such unification under predominant British influences. It is the Dutch influence which now prevails, and probably ever will. But true to his ideals as to his friends, Jameson is still working for unification, and we will so leave him, with Mr. Fort's parting words: "In Jameson's ripened character and capacity for leadership our Empire possesses an asset whose value we cannot afford to lightly appraise."

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Apostate. By A. LLOYD MAUNSELL. (George Allen and Sons. 6s.)

THE novel of temperament is a much more difficult and responsible work to compose than the novel of action and mere narrative, and we are bound to say that in attempting this study of two natures, one susceptible to the most subtle dreams of art, the other emotional and worldly, the author has been too ambitious. There are portions of the book in which we realise that a little more of the writer's craft, a little more insight, would have placed it in almost the front rank; but the inconsistencies are too obvious, and the author, apparently

unable to view his scheme as a whole, broadly, fails to obtain a true perspective. Weston, the hero, is the subject of a strange metamorphosis: it is hardly conceivable that an attack of pneumonia should change a man's outlook so completely as to make him, to all intents and purposes, a different being, so estranged from the wife who previously loved him that she turns from him with disgust. Then again, this wife of his, whom he met at a visit to a country house, he seems to have proposed to in three or four days, and married in a month, on the strength of her being somewhat of a visionary: so we feel that when later on the inevitable "shadowy third" arrives, Weston deserves trouble. There are few secondary characters, and no side-issues to lighten the main theme. We see no reason to be severe upon the story as such, for skill and care are evident, both in plot and language; but we leave it with a sense of regret that the author was not content to deal with a subject less profound.

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians. By JOHN N. RAPHAEL; with forty-six Drawings by FRANK REYNOLDS. (Adam and Charles Black.)

It is not often that the unimportant sketches which constitute that class of literature known of late years as "fourth page" are worthy of collection and preservation in book form, but Mr. Raphael's pleasant little glimpses of Paris and its bye-ways must be counted an exception to the rule. Ephemeral they may be, boasting no pretensions to high art, but they are essentially humorous and clever, and, allowing for the kind of blameless exaggeration which Mr. Jerome exploited in his earlier books, they are very true to life. It was a happy idea to describe that aspect of Parisian gaiety which is generally missed by visitors—the amusements of the Parisians themselves—and not those meretricious "shows" which are kept up to a large extent by the patronage of tourists who cannot speak a word of French correctly. Montmartre, which seems to be the present-day Quartier Latin, takes up a fair share of the book; the café where second-rate actors and actresses congregate to exchange confidences has a chapter to itself.

The volume impresses us with an increased sense of the irreducible differences that exist between the English and French temperament—differences which have of late been so happily negligible owing to the strong international friendship. *Au fond*, the Frenchman is a fine fellow; so is the Englishman; and the two are beginning to recognise the fact—much to one another's advantage. This little book will help people on our side of the Channel to understand the point of view taken by their vivacious neighbours, for reading between the lines we can discover the serious observer of men and things, in spite of the prevalence of the jester's mood. We have not found a single witty paragraph in bad taste, and we are pleased that such neat little discursions should have been rescued from the oblivion of newspaper files and back numbers. The pleasure of reading them is greatly enhanced by the excellent drawings of Mr. Frank Reynolds—many of which provoke smiles as irresistibly as the text which they illustrate.

The Cannibal Crusader. By J. E. PANTON. (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith, 6s.)

MR. PANTON describes his story as "an allegory for the times." One is reminded of the schoolboy's definition of an allegory as "a heavenly story with no earthly meaning." Eliminate the word "heavenly" and you have Mr. Panton's novel in a nutshell. The story is a farrago of absurdities from beginning to end. It purports to relate the adventures of a young Englishman, the child of parents who had been cast

away on a desert island, where his father was killed and eaten by the chieftain of some savage tribe. The young man grows up on the island, enamoured of its customs, its morality and its diet. At length he is carried away by a rescue party, and safely landed in England. He rapidly develops into a choice mixture of the prig, the boor, and the bully. Happily, his visit is of short duration. He has learned that civilisation is a fraud, that men and women are alike shams, and that religion is merely organised hypocrisy. So, with a contented heart, he returns to his native island, with its cannibalism, its polygamy and its scanty costume. The book is not one that calls for special comment. It stands self-condemned by its own inherent silliness. We are prepared to extend a tolerant indulgence to Mr. Panton, however, for his picture of the bishop, who "organised a midnight march through Lukeminster; or, rather—to be more correct than the bishop—an eleven o'clock march, for the public-houses in a cathedral town close at a more decorous hour than they do in London." The march in question had important consequences, as two drunkards were discovered *en route*.

Much may be forgiven a real enthusiast, but it was hard for Lord Alwyne to hear that the streets of Lukeminster swarmed with drunkards the moment the public-houses were closed, particularly as the bishop utterly refused to discuss the subject.

We seem to have heard something like this before. The Bishop of London once conferred immortality upon a (to say the least) somewhat dubious novel by making it the subject of a sermon in Westminster Abbey. We commend the present work to the favourable consideration of his lordship. It awaits his formal benediction. Unhappily, we cannot give it ours.

Friendship Village. By ZONA GALE. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.)

ROUND a small village, somewhere in the United States, Miss Zona Gale has written as delightful a story as we have read for a very long time. The story is pure idyll; and to say this will be for many readers to write it down a failure. It affords an interesting contrast to Mr. James Blyth's crude, violent, and brutal studies of East Anglian life. In *Friendship* the proprieties are rarely shocked. Life trembles on the verge of the angelic—with just that slight leaven of malice which is necessary for the mildest form of drama. There are not wanting the elements of tragedy, since sorrow and death are interwoven with the very texture of life. But, for the most part, the atmosphere is radiant with joy and hope and good fellowship. By the magic alchemy of Miss Gale's art the commonplace is transmuted into the sublime, and the emotions, sacrifices, and ideals of these unimportant tradespeople and villagers are seen to partake of the nature of the immensities. Miss Gale introduces us to the company of postmistresses and laundry-women, and it is not long before we stand in the presence of a poet or a saint. Life in *Friendship* puts on a smiling face, and we turn away reluctantly from the contemplation of so much happiness and quiet humour. Especially hard is it to part with Calliope Marsh, whose running commentary on men, women and things throughout the narrative is a veritable banquet of delights. Calliope, indeed, recalls Mrs. Poyser, and Mrs. Poyser at her best—a Mrs. Poyser fertile in epigram, yet surveying life with larger, kindlier eyes than her English prototype. Before Calliope the other characters assume a relative insignificance, yet each in his or her way is memorable. Mrs. Sprague, for instance—of whom we are afforded a momentary glimpse—is as vivid and individual a figure as the luckless and pathetic Delia More, whose life-tragedy forms the subject of one of the finest chapters in the book.

Mis' Sprague, she'd hed a rile gift that way. She always done folks' hair when they died, an' she always got it like life—she owned up how, after she begun doin' it so much, she used to set in church an' in gatherin's and find herself lookin' at the backs of heads to see if they was two puffs or three, an' whether the twist was under to left or over to right—so's she'd know if the time come.

Does England, one feels tempted to ask, contain no Friendship Village? Or, if it does, who shall interpret for us its beauty, its pathos, and its unknown, unrecognised heroisms? "If there were shrines to these things," writes the author, "we should seek them. The urgency is to recognise shrines." How great the urgency, only those know whose fate it is to follow the course of contemporary fiction!

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 16th inst., at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Westminster, Dr. H. R. Mill, President, in the chair.

Mr. Eric S. Bruce read a paper on "Some Forms of Scientific Kites," in which he brought to the notice of the Society some forms of scientific kites other than the well-known box-kite invented by Mr. Hargrave. This is heavier and more breakable than many other forms of kites, but it possesses the indisputable advantages of stability, ascending steeply and exerting great force. When there is wind enough to fly it, it would appear unsurpassed. It is, however, advisable that meteorological kite ascents should be carried out as continuously as is possible, and that as many as possible of those days when the heavier box-kite will not rise should be utilised for obtaining information. On this account Mr. Bruce considers that lighter forms of kites which are specially adapted for use in very light winds, would be of great service. He then described the Brogden six-winged bird-kite, the Salmon eighteen-winged kite, the Barclay honeycombed-kite, the Cody bat-winged box-kite, the Balston butterfly-kite, and the Burgoyne aluminium-kite.

Mr. C. J. P. Cave read a paper on "The Registering Balloon Ascents in the British Isles, July 27th—August 1st, 1908." These ascents were made in connection with the extended series of ascents of kites and balloons arranged by the International Commission for Scientific Aeronautics. Twelve balloons were sent up for the Meteorological Office under the direction of Mr. W. H. Dines, F.R.S., six ascents being from Crinan on the west coast of Scotland, and six from Pyrton Hill, Oxfordshire; six were sent up by the Meteorological Department of the Manchester University under the direction of Mr. J. E. Petavel, F.R.S.; six by Captain C. H. Ley, from Birdhill, Co. Limerick, for the Kite Committee; and four by Mr. C. J. P. Cave from Ditcham Park, Petersfield, Hants. Of those sent up, four from Crinan, five from Manchester, three from Pyrton Hill, and two each from Birdhill and Ditcham have been recovered. The meteorographs used were of the type designed by Mr. Dines, in which the traces are made on copper plates electro-plated with silver. Some of the records show considerable differences of temperature between the up and the down traces, which seems to indicate that fairly rapid fluctuations of temperature may occur in the upper air. The average height reached was 10.2 miles, the greatest height being 14.3 miles. All the balloons except one reached the isothermal layer, and show that the diminution of temperature with height ceases after a certain point, or that there is a rise of temperature; the rise of temperature is quite marked, even in the case of balloons which have attained their highest point after sunset, and cannot therefore be the effect of solar radiation.

Mr. C. J. P. Cave also read a paper on "Balloon Observations at Ditcham Park near Petersfield, July 27th—August 2nd, 1908." He described how the registering balloons which were sent up were followed by means of theodolites for the determination of wind velocities at different heights. The balloons were observed until after they had entered the isothermal layer, and in each case there was a well-marked diminution of wind velocity at its lower limit.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "LOUVER."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The etymological connection of the English word "louver" with the mediæval Latin word "lodium" was first suggested, as far as I know, in a note which appeared in THE ACADEMY on November 24, 1894, over my signature. This etymology is given with additional corroborative facts in a note on the Promptorium word "lovere," written by me in 1895 (see my edition of the Winchester Promptorium, note No. 1,294). The derivation has been accepted by Prof. Skeat, as may be seen in his "Concise Dictionary," published in 1901, and by Dr. H. Bradley in the L portion of the great Oxford dictionary, published in 1903. After fourteen years this explanation of "louver" still holds the field, and doubtless will continue to do so until more cogent objections can be raised against it than were advanced in last week's letter on the subject.

It is a very significant fact that in mediæval glossaries English-Latin and Latin-English, in the Vocabularies, as well as in the larger dictionaries, the *Catholicon Anglicum*, the *Promptorium* and the *Ortus Vocabulorum* the regular, the constant equivalent for the English "lover" is the Latin "lodium" (for proof see my *Promptorium* note, above cited). Well, what was the earliest meaning of our word "louver"? It meant the opening on the roof of a building, made to carry off the smoke from the fire in the middle of the hall. Compare the *Catholicon Anglicum*: "*Lovere*: fumarium, lodium." Note: "lodium" is a synonym of "fumarium." But what is the derivation of this by no means rare Latin word "lodium"? It is not of Latin origin; it is not in Ducange. My suggestion is that it is of Scandinavian origin, and that it is a Latinised form of the Icelandic *hlód*, a hearth, a chimney-piece, in fact a "fumarium." Another Latin derivative of this Scandinavian word *hlód* would be *lodarium*, which in Anglo-Norman would become *loëre*, whence the *louere* (or *lovere*), of the English glosses, the "louver" of the "New English Dictionary."

A. L. MAYHEW.

THE ALBERT HALL MEETING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am usually so cordially in sympathy with your views on Female Suffrage and the Suffragettes that I extremely regret I cannot endorse at all your remarks on the Albert Hall meeting of the 5th inst. Plainly your article is due to an entire misconception of the facts, owing to your not having been present, relying instead on misleading reports and letters to the Press.

For instance, you speak as if everyone present was a supporter of Female Suffrage. On the contrary, I believe that hundreds, including many of the stewards, were either Anti-Suffragists (two stewards that I spoke to were) or neutrals attracted by curiosity. When Lady McLaren put the resolution a certain number of hands were held up in favour. She then said: "To the contrary," but studiously looked down. Instantly a few hands—the *Sunday Times* says "a dozen or twenty"—shot up, including my right hand. Lady McLaren, however, declared the resolution "carried unanimously," and the Press most mendaciously with the honourable exception noted, recorded her statement, as the *Morning Post*, also falsely, declared that a resolution in favour of Female Suffrage had been "carried unanimously" at Kensington Town Hall on the evening of November 30, when a dozen of us voted against it. Many people at the Albert Hall undoubtedly refrained from voting.

Now, as to the "brutality." A great deal of play is made in certain quarters with the words "Liberal stewards," as if

Conservative stewards would have acted entirely differently. We shall see. Who says there was brutality? Does the *Times* say so? On the contrary the *Times* distinctly says that the protests were factitious and mechanical. The only representative of the Press who did aver this definitely and vehemently was the representative of the *Standard*, probably Mr. John Foster Fraser, a Conservative supporter of Female Suffrage. I am aware that various letters have been written to papers. A person, for example, calling herself "Beatrice Tina" hints in the *New Age* distinctly that women have been subjected to "rape"—her own word—and covertly counsels Suffragettes to take lethal weapons with them to meetings and resist seizure. This infamous suggestion was first made by the "Rev." Dr. Aked, who sold his eloquence, such as it is, to Rockefeller, and now advises Suffragettes to use "daggers and dynamite." It has never been made about any specified steward or stewards, for the simple reason that if anyone dared to publish such a libel it would be instantly proved to be a lie as black as the darkest night and as deep as the deepest hell. I cannot believe, Sir, that you credit such a calumny for an instant. Then there are letters written to the papers by Earl Russell and Mr. Hentschel. You must remember that Earl Russell is a strong supporter of militant tactics; and the husband of a woman who declared at a meeting that the Suffragettes would be justified in blowing up Holloway Prison if it advanced their cause. He and Mr. Hentschel evidently anticipated having their feelings harrowed by the necessarily vigorous removal of women, who fought like maniacs and wild beasts, and they were not disappointed, especially as their female friends flung themselves on the ground and had to be carried. As to the story of the man who struck a woman on the mouth, probably what happened is that he tried to put his hand over her mouth and she jerked her head up. The "Suffragettes in trousers" present were ready to call the stewards "Cowards!" before they ever reached the women at all, just as they have shouted similarly at the police when they have been doing their unpleasant duty. These things can't be done without a little roughness.

Then, as to Mr. Lloyd-George's speech. At the risk of being accused of "Suffragist leanings," in spite of my innumerable contributions to papers against it, I am bound to say I endorse the opinion of the *Observer* that Mr. George's speech was a triumph of pluck, moderation, and good sense. He indulged in none of the frenzied abuse of men and men's laws customary to the Pankhursts and Fenwick-Millers of Female Suffrage, but actually succeeded in making something of a case. He is never likely to persuade me, but whatever side of this controversy a man takes he is in good company. After all, if Mr. Lloyd-George is a supporter of the enfranchisement of women so were Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, and they at least cannot be accused of being Nonconformists or Little Englanders. I think Female Suffrage will be defeated and crushingly defeated; but I as surely think this will only be so if we state facts exactly as they are, and do scrupulous justice to honourable opponents.

ARCH. G.

[Our comments on this letter will be found in "Life and Letters."—ED.]

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Vincenzo Foppa of Brescia, Founder of the Lombard School: His Life and Work. Constance Ffoulkes and Monsignor Maiocchi. Lane, 84s. net.

The Life-Work of Flaubert. From the Russian of Merykowski. By G. A. Mounsey. De La More Press, 1s. 6d. net.

Leaves from an Old Cricketer's Diary. W. E. W. Collins. Blackwood, 6s.

"*Saint*" *Gilbert.* The Story of Gilbert White and Selbourne. J. Wright. Stock, 2s. 6d.

FICTION

The Broad Road. Annie S. Swan. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
Flower of the World. Mrs. Henry Tippet. Long, 6s.

JUVENILE

That Little Scamp of Mine. E. Hobart. De la More Press, 1s.

Tales from Spenser. R. W. Grace. Unwin, 5s.

Golden Sunbeams. Vol. XII. 1908. S.P.C.K., 1s. 4d.

Eric, a tale of School Life. Abridged from the original story by Frederic W. Farrer. A. and C. Black, 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

Devon: Its Moorlands, Streams and Coasts. Lady R. Northcote. Chatto and Windus, 10s. net.

The Lepers of Molokai. Charles W. Stoddard. Ave Marie Press.

Memorials of Old Suffolk. Vincent B. Redstone. Bemrose, 15s. net.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. By the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. 1904-1905. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Whitaker's Almanack. 1909. 2s. 6d.

Xenophon's Hellenica. Selections. Carleton L. Brownson. American Book Co.

Herodotus. Books VII. and VIII. Charles F. Smith and Arthur G. Laird. American Book Co.

The Levantine Riviera. W. T. Beeby and Eustace R. Balls. Reynolds-Balls' Guides. 2s. 6d. net.

Thoughts on Motherhood from Many Minds. Lady Coote. Allenson, 2s.

The Love Family. Mrs. H. Spielmann. Allen, 3s. 6d.

Another Sunday Book. Agatha Twining. Mowbray, 1s. 6d. net.

The Dawn of Day. S.P.C.K. 1s.

POETRY

Christmas Songs and Carols. Agnes Begbie. Mathews, 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.

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